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THROUGH BURNING OIL.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 65.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, January 26, 1884.

RE-OPENING OF THE ART COMPETITION.

The judges appointed to award the prizes in the Art Competition for the illustration of **Alfred Domett's** "Christmas Hymn" *have reported* [*see* **Harper's Weekly** *dated September* 1] *that they "are not justified by the conditions of the competition in awarding any prize whatsoever." Three hundred and thirty-eight drawings entered into the competition, and twenty-three were received after the* 1st *of August—too late to be considered.*

Pursuant to the intimation given in their original "offer to young American artists," the **Messrs. Harper** *have determined to re-open the competition, enlarging its scope and modifying the limitation as to age, in accordance with suggestions made by the judges.*

For the best original illustration appropriate to Christmas—the drawing to be suitable for publication in **Harper's Magazine,** *to be made especially for this competition, and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-seven years of age—***Messrs. Harper & Brothers** *offer an award of* **THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS,** *upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.*

The drawings must be received by **Messrs. Harper & Brothers,** *at Franklin Square, New York, not later than March* 1, 1884, *addressed* "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine"; *and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope securely attached to the drawing, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.*

Mr. R. Swain Gifford, N.A., **Mr. F. D. Millet,** A.N.A., *and* **Mr. Charles Parsons,** A.N.A., *Superintendent of the Art Department at* **Harper & Brothers',** *will act as judges of the competition.*

The treatment of the subject is left to the artist, limited only by the special reference to Christmas. Either the Bible story of the Nativity, or the social features of Christmas, past or present, may be chosen for illustration. The judges, in making the award, will take into consideration not only the technical art value of each drawing, but also the appropriateness of the subject selected, the sufficiency of the illustration, and especially the originality of conception and treatment. The combination of different designs in a single picture should be avoided.

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for **Harper's Magazine** *for December,* 1884; *and should others submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page* **Harper's Weekly,** $500; *one page* **Harper's Bazar,** $500; *one page* **Harper's Young People,** $500: *these awards not to be subject to the above-mentioned understanding as to "the prosecution of art study," etc.*

Franklin Square, New York, September 8, 1883.

A HORIZONTAL REDUCTION OF THE TARIFF.

IT is announced by those who probably know that a bill will soon be reported to the House of Representatives by the Committee on Ways and Means providing substantially for a horizontal reduction of the tariff. This, we believe, is a favorite policy with Mr. **Morrison**; but it is certainly not a revision of the tariff upon a reform principle. It is merely a reduction of a protective tariff. Neither is it especially a Democratic suggestion, for the Republican Tariff Commission last year reported that "a substantial reduction of tariff duties is demanded, not by a mere indiscriminate popular clamor, but by the best conservative opinion of the country." This was in response to the emphatic and significant expression of public opinion at the election of 1882, following the defeat of the veto of the River and Harbor Bill.

The bill, as foreshadowed, would be simply a reduction of taxation in view of a redundant revenue, and that is not a measure to be opposed for any other reasons than that a redundant revenue is desirable, and that the precise present protection upon every protected interest is to be maintained. These, however, are not Republican positions, and there is no reason for party opposition to a judicious reduction of the tariff tax. It would be, indeed, very unfortunate for the Republican party to allow itself to be forced into the position of hostility to a moderate reduction of a redundant revenue. That would at once raise an issue which could not be advantageous to the party. Republican high protectionists will of course not forget that parties are not organized upon the question of the tariff; and the Republican party commands popular support and confidence not because it is believed to be favorable to what is called a high tariff, meaning a degree of protection which intentionally favors certain interests and certain men, but because it prefers a policy which judiciously encourages domestic industry. A determined movement to commit the party to a high protective tariff would be very indiscreet.

If, as now appears, the Democratic party proposes to attempt to occupy the Republican ground, it will be only a repetition of its tactics for the last dozen or twenty years, and it would be a ludicrous ending of the hurrah that greeted Mr. **Carlisle**'s election. That event was hailed as the adoption of a principle by the Democratic party, and as opening the prospect of a political controversy upon a real question. Even the Democrats who denied that it presented the issue of protection and free trade conceded that it implied a revision of the tariff in an anti-protective or free-trade sense. But a horizontal tariff reduction is, as we have said, not a change of principle. It is merely a different degree of protection. In a party view it will not benefit the Democrats, and for the simple reason that it will be universally interpreted as the affectation of the virtue of moderation, to which they have been forced by public opinion. It will not allay the suspicion that they would do very much more if they dared, and that they would certainly dare if by dexterous evasions they could obtain the authority of success at the election. Indeed, reason and the experience of many bitter years should persuade the Democratic party that if it really has any principle upon this or upon any other question, it is for its interest to declare it and to insist upon it.

MR. DORSHEIMER'S INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT BILL.

Mr. Dorsheimer has introduced an international copyright bill which provides that any foreign author, in a country whose government grants American authors the same privilege, shall have the exclusive control of his work in this country for twenty-five years. This copyright is not to be renewable, and it is to expire with the death of the author. At the end of twenty-five years the work is to become common property. The author is not bound to manufacture the book in this country, but is perfectly free to print and publish his work at his pleasure. A duty levied upon imported books, however, would practically compel the manufacture in this country, but not necessarily by American houses. Mr. **Dorsheimer**'s proposition is simple, and merits careful consideration.

The first thing that strikes those who are interested in the question is that the **Dorsheimer** plan, like the copyright laws generally, like the English law and the Constitution of the United States, does not concede the author's property right in his published work. They all hold that ordinary property in such works does not exist, and what is called copyright is simply a bounty of the state granted for its own benefit and to encourage production, and not a recognition of the author's right of property or absolute and continuous disposition and control. It follows, therefore, that as between the **Dorsheimer** plan and others which waive the point of absolute property the question is one solely of expediency. That is to say, the question is, In what way can this country best promote its own advantage? Since only a limited and conditional control is to be granted, for what time and upon what terms shall it be allowed?

Now in this simple view of expediency there are really three interests involved. There is the author who creates the work, the publisher who makes it accessible to the public, and the public which reads it. If the object be to secure to the foreign author more benefit from the publication of his work than the law now allows him, it should be done, of course, in a way which will arouse the least controversy and delay. This way, obviously, is to combine the favor of the larger number of interests involved. It is true, as Mr. **Warner** says in his late letter, that the author creates the property, and that the publisher merely buys or leases it under certain laws. But he has invested largely, perhaps, in his lease, upon a certain understanding. Now, if it should be proposed to change that understanding, and to confront him, for instance, with a favored competitor, would he not naturally demur—and as the question is confessedly not one of right, but of expediency, would it not be wise to arrange the matter so as to prevent such opposition? Mr. **Dorsheimer**'s proposition is not to acknowledge a foreign author's absolute right of property in his published work, but simply to grant him the control of its publication in this country for twenty-five years, upon condition that his government will grant a similar local control in his country to the American author. This must not be confounded with the wholly different question of an author's right of property in his own productions. If, now, the situation were such that the proposed limited advantage of the foreign author could be readily secured without serious opposition or delay, upon the condition of manufacturing the work in this country, would it not be expedient to provide that condition?

PROPOSED REPEAL OF THE REFORM BILL.

The contemptuous rejection by the Ohio Legislature of Mr. **Pendleton**, who introduced the reform bill which bears his name, was promptly followed by the proposition of Mr. **Clay**, a Democratic Representative in Congress from Kentucky, to repeal the bill. The proposition was referred to the select committee on reform in the civil service. There were strong Republican partisans in 1882 who rejoiced at the great success of the Democrats in the Congressional elections. They said that the Republicans had the Senate and the Executive, so that no mischief could be done, while the Democrats controlling the House would have the opportunity, which they would improve to the utmost, to show their blindness and folly, and to demonstrate their total incapacity to direct the government in accordance with public sentiment.

The Republican prophet was apparently correct. The Democrats, despite the protest of many eminent Democrats, are apparently hastening to show how little they sympathize with the convictions and purposes of the country. The one thing which has been clearly demonstrated beyond all other things during the last four years is the general disgust with the whole system of politics founded upon patronage, and the determination to change it is equally plain. The patronage system, one of the cast-off rags of royalty, which is carefully treasured by corrupt politicians, has been thoroughly exposed to the good sense of the country, and that good sense has decreed its reform. It has decided that as the public service is that of all the people, so all the people shall have access to it upon equal terms, and that those terms shall be arranged so as at once to secure the most efficient and economical service, and to promote honesty in politics. The perfect practicability of such a reform has been demonstrated. Both parties in Congress, in the New York Legislature, and in the cities of New York and Brooklyn have united in passing proper laws and in carrying them into effect. There is no complaint that the reformed system is impracticable in method or unsatisfactory in result. No measure of administrative detail of equal importance has ever been more promptly and universally approved by the patriotic intelligence of the country.

Moreover, in the absence of critical and absorbing questions of public concern, such as were familiar during the last generation, this question is one of the two most prominent issues upon which the opinion of the people will be sought at the national election of this year. It is unfortunate for the Democratic party that a member of its majority in the House should propose the repeal of the bill and the abandonment of the reform. Even if the House should pass the bill, the repeal would not be ratified by the Senate and the President; and instead of opening the chance of a clean sweep to his party if successful, Mr. **Clay** would merely have lessened its chance of success by covering it with the odium of opposing a reform which the country approves. Some malign fate seems to pursue that party. It strove diligently to extend and perpetuate slavery up to the very moment when the tremendous contest began which swept slavery away in blood and fire. It tried to abandon the war for the Union as hopeless. It tried to undo reconstruction as unconstitutional. It tried to obtain the government by opposing a Republican to a Republican. It winked at practical repudiation. It threatened to starve the government. It did all these things against a strong, powerful, and manifest public sentiment, and aroused a just and profound distrust, and a feeling that, whatever the offenses of the Republican party, yet for no good purpose was the Democratic party a fitting agency. The same unhappy fate seemingly pursues it still.

THE MORAL OF THE O'DONNELL RESOLUTION.

The moral of Mr. **Hewitt**'s unfortunate **O'Donnell** resolution is obvious. It is that buncombe of every kind, and especially of that kind which serves to placate the most un-American and ignorant sentiment and prejudice, should be carefully avoided by intelligent and honorable public men. The resolution was a request of the American House of Representatives that the President would ask the British Government to stay the execution of the sentence of its courts, after a trial to which no exception had been taken, in order that the American Government might satisfy itself whether the condemned person was an American, and, if so, whether he had had a fair trial under English law. It is easy to imagine what this country would have felt and said had **Guiteau** claimed to be a British subject, and the British Government had proposed to review the trial.

Mr. **Hewitt** is reported to have said that he held with **Webster**, **Seward**, and **Marcy** that the American Government is bound to see that its citizens in a foreign country shall not be hanged except according to law. Undoubtedly it is, if the question of illegal hanging is seriously raised. But it was not raised in **O'Donnell**'s case even by his counsel. We doubt if it was raised in a single intelligent mind anywhere. The resolution was simply a demand that execution be stayed until we had ascertained whether a question might be raised. The resolution might have been most properly resented as a serious affront, if the performances of Congress in servility to the Irish vote had not taught other governments a kind of contemptuous pity for such acts. Intelligent foreigners naturally regard the offering of such resolutions and their adoption by the House as the penalty which decent men must pay for their election by a vote which they do not respect. Honorable and intelligent foreigners find it very difficult to understand how Americans of their own kind can bring themselves to such acts, and ask with just amazement why they are not left to Mr. **William E. Robinson**.

This incident will be of some benefit if it tends to emancipate any public man, especially in New York, from abject thralldom to the Irish vote. The atrocious massacre in the Phœnix Park and the cold-blooded murder committed by **O'Donnell** are the fruit of a feeling which flourishes, not chiefly because it is fed by Irish sympathy and aid in America, but because it is believed that one of the great parties in America, which is striving to obtain control of the government, is subservient to the Irish sentiment which furnishes the aid. This belief is justified by the presentation of such a resolution as that regarding O'Donnell by such a man as Mr. Hewitt, and by its unanimous passage. Every American citizen may properly apprehend that a party which should seek power by servility to that sentiment would not resist its demands after it had obtained power. The Hewitt resolution is another warning to the country against Democratic ascendency.

GOOD GOVERNMENT FOR THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

Mr. Robb in the Senate and Mr. Roosevelt in the Assembly of New York are of different parties, but of the same generous and intelligent public spirit. They are both residents of the city of New York, and admirable representatives of its best intelligence, and it is exceedingly fortunate for the city that it has such representatives at a time when amendments to the municipal charter are so necessary and so generally demanded. They have introduced a bill which provides that the Mayor shall be the actual head of the municipal government. He is to appoint the heads of departments, commissioners, marshals, and police justices, and he may remove them all for cause, after a hearing, and with the approval of the Governor, to whom the Mayor is to submit reasons in writing, which reasons also, at the request of the officer removed, may be published.

These are the chief points of the bill. In accordance with the best opinion of the city, responsibility is concentrated upon the Mayor. This is what Mayor Grace has so clearly pointed out as indispensable, what Mayor Edson reiterates, and what every intelligent citizen knows to be essential. Nobody now knows at a city election what or whom he is voting for, nor has he any idea whatever who is responsible for any neglect or abuse. All that he knows is that "a deal" and a bargain have been made between corrupt politicians, and that he is perfectly blind and helpless, and his vote a mere registering and ratification of a foregone conclusion. A Mayor who is really responsible might, indeed, be nominated by a boss, but he could not escape the penalty. He would be plainly and publicly condemned, and a man of self-respect and character would not submit to that punishment. If the boss should nominate a mere tool, the fact of the probable abuse of the great power of the office would inevitably bring a proper and successful opponent into the Mayoralty.

But for the very reason that the election of Mayor would be the settlement of the city government, there should be no divergent or conflicting interests at the time of his election. There should be, therefore, a separate election for the Mayor. Under the wise system which Mayor Edson proposes to introduce into the minor service, the merely partisan character of the municipal election would be ameliorated, and to an office of great responsibility and dignity the best men would probably aspire. The example of Brooklyn shows that New York or any other great city is not beyond the probability of good government if the support of its good citizens be given to such a proposition as that which Mr. Robb and Mr. Roosevelt have laid before the Legislature. We presume that provision will be made for a separate election, and that the triple investigation which the city government is about to undergo will show only more plainly the necessity of a truly responsible system.

AMERICA AT ATHENS.

The report of Professor Goodwin, of Harvard College, upon the School of Classical Studies at Athens is exceedingly interesting and gratifying to every American who wishes to see his country generously rivalling other countries in scholarly research and accomplishment. The object of the school, which has been established under the auspices of the Archæological Institute of America, is to furnish to graduates of American colleges an opportunity of studying classical literature, art, and antiquity at Athens under suitable guidance, and to conduct original researches in co-operation with the Institute.

France, through all domestic political vicissitudes, has supported such a school for thirty-seven years, Germany for nine years, and England has begun the movement, and will probably establish a school within the year. The American school is the third. It was organized by twelve of the chief colleges in the country, which, thoroughly alive to the importance of the work, contributed generously to the expense, and agreed that in addition each college in turn should authorize one of its professors to reside in Athens for a year as the director of the school. This was a liberal support of the school, and Professor Goodwin went out as the first director, arriving in Athens on the 1st of October, 1882.

The school was very fortunate in its head, and the Professor's report shows how carefully and wisely, and with what intelligence and scholarly enthusiasm, the school was conducted. It had eight pupils, and it was most warmly welcomed by the local authorities and by its associate schools. The expenses for the year were about $3333. It was, of course, an experimental year, and the suggestions of the sagacious director are worthy of serious consideration. They are, in brief, and for conclusive reasons clearly stated, that the director should be a permanent and not an annual head, and the services of a fit director could be procured from the income of $75,000 or $80,000. About $40,000 more are necessary for other expenses, including those of a library and of annual publication. The American school, therefore, to hold its own with the associated schools, should have a permanent fund of $120,000. The other schools are supported by governments, but ours, according to our good habit, must depend upon the people. American generosity and wisdom in such directions have been so constantly attested that it is not too much to expect that liberal Americans will gladly and proudly identify their names with this admirable enterprise. They certainly will do so if they read the wise and patriotic and interesting report of the accomplished scholar who has now begun the good work in Athens.

SENATOR ANTHONY.

It was a great honor, gracefully offered and delicately declined, that of the election of Senator Anthony to the Presidency of the Senate. If unhandsome precedent compelled the party minority in the Senate to propose a competitor, Mr. Pendleton, in moving to substitute another name, said, cordially, that in doing so he did not mean "to dissent from the opinion expressed by the Senator from Ohio as to the qualifications, fitness, integrity, ability, and patriotism of the gentleman named in the resolution."

The honor of the election remains, although Mr. Anthony was compelled to decline to undertake the service, and it is an honor which crowns a long and devoted public life. Thirty-five years ago Mr. Anthony was elected Governor of Rhode Island, and twenty-five years ago he took his seat in the Senate, to which he has been five times elected. His great knowledge and long experience, his parliamentary skill, tact, and urbanity, have often led to his election to the temporary Presidency of the Senate. But this time he would have been the direct successor to the Presidency of the United States.

"It is a small college, sir, but there are those who love it," said Mr. Webster in his plea for Dartmouth College. The same thing may be truly said of little Rhode Island, and there is no son of Rhode Island who will not rejoice in the tribute paid by his colleagues to the ability, the character, and the public service of Senator Anthony.

THE NEW YORK CAPITOL.

Governor Cleveland truly said in his Message that there should be no check or interruption in the work of completing the new Capitol at Albany, and $1,400,000 has been asked for the year. Last year nearly $1,000,000 was expended, and it is not doubted, we believe, that the enterprise was never more vigorously and efficiently pushed than it is at present.

It is too late to grumble and protest at the enormous expense. We remember very well when the proposition to spend $4,000,000 for a new Capitol made the whole Constitutional Convention gasp. But more than $15,000,000 have been already expended, and the completed edifice will probably have cost $20,000,000—a sum by several millions larger than the cost of the Capitol at Washington. It is a massive and in many respects a magnificent building in the interior. The exterior we abandon to the critics.

But there can be no question that, for every reason, the Capitol should now be finished according to the general plan already adopted, and as promptly as possible, and as economically, with due regard to the harmony of design and execution. Nothing but reproach and ridicule are to be gained by reluctance and interference. The work should be completed or abandoned, and as nobody seriously contemplates abandonment, the Legislature, which is on the spot and can see the situation, should not hesitate to carry out the Governor's recommendation.

SAVING THE ADIRONDACK FORESTS.

There is unquestionably a general desire in New York that protection of the essential water supply of the State should be secured by preventing the devastation of the Adirondack forests. It is vitally necessary that this protection should be afforded as soon as possible, for delays would be fatal. This consideration must be the test of every plan suggested.

The director of the State Survey recommends State control rather than State ownership, enforcing by a commission the necessary rules and regulations. Senator Lansing, of the Senate committee of investigation, has introduced a bill for a park in the Adirondacks occupying 1,700,000 acres of forest land, to be acquired by the State by the non-payment of taxes. In this manner the State has obtained 600,000 acres during the last ten years, and Mr. Lansing thinks that in ten years more the necessary additional land could be obtained.

This is the plan which the Governor apparently favors. But if it be desirable to succor the water supply, it must be done at once. There is no need of waiting, but, on the contrary, delay would be very dangerous. The best plan is that of Mr. Dorsheimer, who proposes that a commission at once select the lands that may be necessary, and that the question of their purchase by the State, or seizure, at a justly assessed valuation, by right of eminent domain, be submitted to the popular vote. This is simple and honest, and secures a prompt decision.

PERSONAL.

Bulwer's son relates that after finishing the story of Kenelm Chillingly's sufferings at the grave of Lily, the novelist was profoundly dejected, listless, and broken; his face presented the worn look of a man who had just passed through the last paroxysm of a passionate sorrow. His family learned afterward that the incidents referred to were not the creations of fancy, but the memories of fifty years before.

—Justice Barrett's wife claims to have written the "serious parts" of his play, *An American Wife*, the "light parts" only being the work of her husband. The judge replies that she speaks under a misapprehension, and that *An American Wife* is "exclusively mine." She is thinking, he says, of another play, which they did write together, and to which she contributed "some charming dialogue." The judge gracefully suggests that the success of his play would probably have been greater but for the absence of his wife's "pure, clear, firm literary style."

—Our attention has been called to a misstatement made in the admirable article on James Buchanan in the January number of Harper's Magazine, unjustly, though unintentionally, reflecting discredit upon the late General Dix. Referring to the gossipy account of an alleged cabinet scene which never took place, the writer says, "It is one of the inexplicable facts in history that General Dix. . . .never took occasion to deny the story." A reference to the *Memoirs of General Dix*, vol. i., page 379, shows that General Dix did deny the story in a letter to the Hon. Augustus Schell, September 11, 1863.

—The Archbishop of Paris has addressed a pastoral letter to the clergy and the faithful of his diocese concerning the recent banishment of chaplains from the Paris hospitals. The most charitable explanation he can find is that the majority of French statesmen are completely in ignorance of religion and its laws. He beseeches his readers not to send the sick in their charge to the hospitals, but to organize a system by which they can be treated at home.

—Walt Whitman's friends sometimes indicate his popularity by stating that he is asked for his autograph two hundred times a year.

—The Rev. J. G. Wood possessed for four years a large lump of dry Nile mud, a hole in one of its sides showing that a mud-fish was within it. The other day he carefully cut the lump open, and found the inhabitant in good condition, doubled up, with its tail over its head, just as when it went to sleep more than twenty years ago.

—Mr. Grant Allen, who describes himself as a wandering and lazy field naturalist, has been examining the ancestry of birds. They are reptiles with feathers, he says. To call them "flying animals" would not be sufficiently distinctive, for some birds, like the ostrich, do not fly, and some animals, like bats and squirrels, fly without being birds. They build nests, but so do water-moles and field-mice. They have horny bills, but so have turtles. In short, every other apparently distinctive point about birds except the possession of feathers is, when examined, not distinctive at all.

—By the aid of certain correspondence recently published in Paris a magazine writer undertakes to clear the memory of the actress Rachel of some of the worst charges brought against her, and to prove that she was an affectionate daughter, a loving sister, and a devoted friend. Rachel had a large circle of correspondents, and although her early education was extremely modest, she expressed her thoughts with graceful simplicity, and without blots or erasures. About two years before her death she felt some premonitions, which she mentioned in a letter to Émile de Girardin: "If Madame De Girardin would write the rôle of a historical consumptive patient, supposing there is one to be found, I think I could act it to draw tears, for I would shed tears myself. It is all very well to tell me I am only suffering in my nerves; I feel there is something wrong. It is as if you had turned the key of your watch too hard—it goes 'crac'. I often feel something going 'crac' in me when I wind myself up to play."

—Mr. Carl Schurz has been giving to the public his views about the relations of great corporations to their employés and the community. He believes in submitting all disagreements to tribunals of arbitration, which, though not a sovereign remedy in all difficulties which the new methods of industrial production have brought upon society, will help in overcoming some of them.

—Senator J. J. Ingalls, in an essay on John Brown's place in history, declares that "the three men of the era who will loom forever against the remotest horizon of time as the pyramids above the noiseless desert, or mountain peaks over the subordinate plains, are Abraham Lincoln, Ulysses S. Grant, and old John Brown of Osawatomie." "No pagan philosopher, no Hebrew prophet, no Christian martyr, ever spoke in loftier and more heroic strains than did John Brown when he wrote in prison, under sentence of death: 'It is a great comfort to feel assured that I am permitted to die for a cause, and not merely to pay the debt of nature, which all must. I feel myself to be most unworthy of so great distinction. I feel just as content to die for God's eternal truth and for suffering humanity on the scaffold as in any other way.'"

—In his last published essay Mr. Herbert Spencer shows that those who think that science is dissipating religious beliefs and sentiments seem unaware that whatever of mystery is taken from the old interpretation is added to the new. From the very beginning the progress of knowledge has been accompanied by an increasing capacity for wonder. The lowest savages are the least surprised when shown remarkable products of civilized art. It is not the rustic, nor the artisan, nor the trader, who sees anything more than a mere matter of course in the hatching of a chick, but it is the biologist. Hereafter, as heretofore, higher faculty and deeper insight will raise rather than lower the sentiment of wonder; and amid the mysteries which become the more mysterious the more they are thought about, there will remain the one absolute certainty that we are ever in the presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy, from which all things proceed.

—The mourning for the late Queen of Madagascar lasted two months, and was not so severe as in the olden days. This time the people were forbidden only to plait their hair, to wear hats, to carry umbrellas, to build much, and to wear clothes. Formerly the mourning lasted a year, and everybody's hair was shaven close to the head.

—A school-boy at a prize examination furnished the following biography of the patriarch Abraham: "He was the father of Lot, and had two wives. One was called Ishmale, and the other Hagur; he kept one at home, and he turned the other into the desert, where she became a pillar of salt in the daytime, and a pillar of fire at night."

—The grandmother of the heroine of Miss Broughton's new novel, *Belinda*, was interesting. "Granny's religious principles," said her granddaughter, "are slack; her morality is hazy, and in moments of excitement I have even known her to let fly an oath; but, on the other hand, she is thoroughly clean, and she always laughs at my jokes; so that, taking her all round, I could better spare a better woman."

—There seems to be an overproduction of educated men in Germany. An American scholar, Professor E. J. James, while on a visit to that country last summer, asked the professors of twelve German universities, "Do you think that too many young men are studying at the universities?" Almost uniformly the answer was, "There is no doubt of it." Germany, said one of the professors, is fostering the growth of a class of professionally educated men for whom there is no room in the professions, and who are too proud to go into business of any sort. Result—poverty or suicide.

—A lion-tamer at a menagerie in England, while going from den to den as usual, was about to enter the cage containing a group of young lions, when one of them sprang past him, and alighted on the ground in the midst of the people. The latter rushed for the street, and a panic ensued. Meanwhile the young lion, himself badly frightened, ran round and among the spectators, pursued by the attendants of the menagerie, who finally captured him in an empty barrel. In the excitement a woman was forced against a cage containing a large, full-grown lioness, which extended its paw beneath the bars of the cage and clutched at the woman's head, inflicting serious wounds.

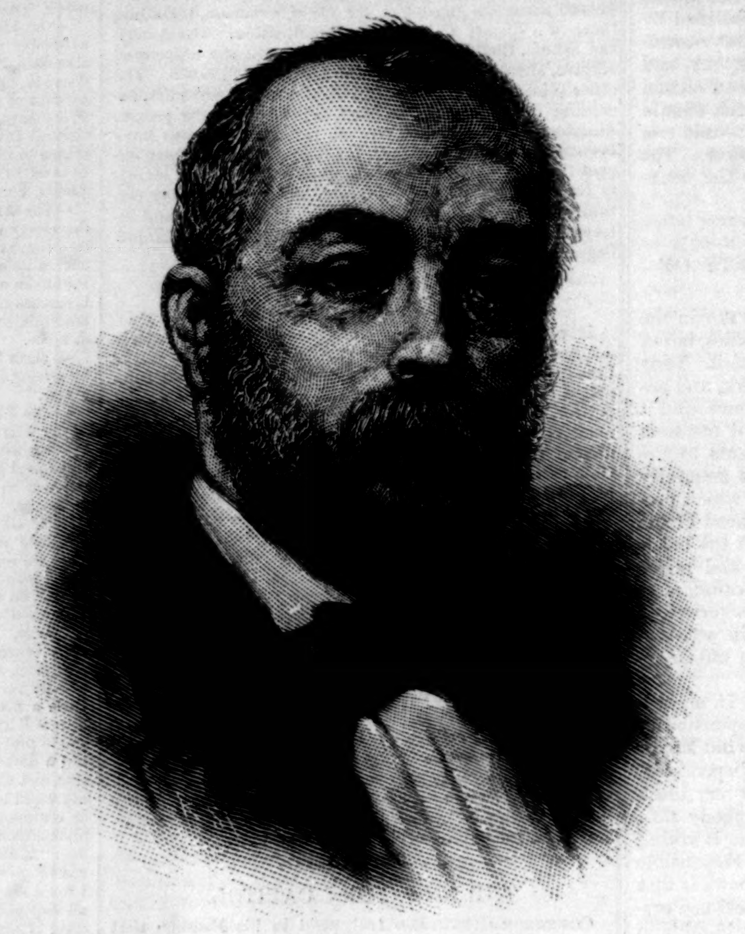
THE LAST DELMONICO.

The death of Charles Delmonico, under circumstances peculiarly touching and melancholy, removes from New York the last of the Delmonicos. It would be a public misfortune if by his death it should be brought about that New York had seen the last of Delmonico's; for it is not extravagant to say that during the half-century since Delmonico's became an "institution" in New York, with the opening in 1836, of the restaurant in Beaver Street, Delmonico's has been a constant and powerful factor in the social civilization of America. The establishment of the restaurant at Chambers Street and Broadway did not take place until twenty years later, and it was five years later still that the prosperous publican took possession of the ample and generous mansion at Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street, which still holds its place in the memory of those who frequented it as the true and typical Delmonico's, in spite of its abandonment in 1876 for the still more spacious building which is now "Delmonico's, up-town."

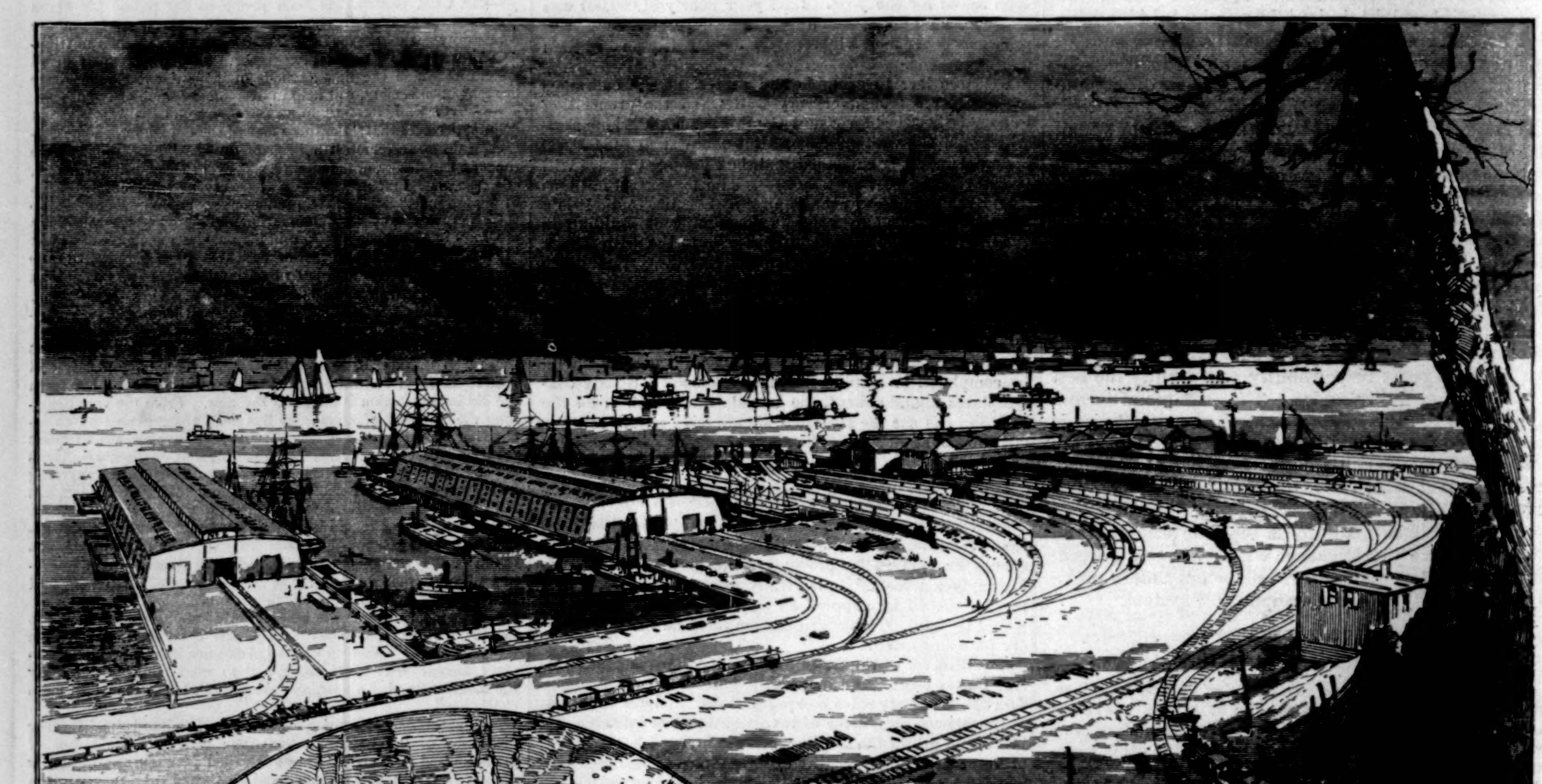
The history of the migrations of Delmonico's is the history of the shifting of commercial and social centres on Manhattan Island; and the situation of the present Delmonico's, fronting on one side the upper limit of commercial Broadway, and on the other the lower limit of fashionable Fifth Avenue, is curiously significant of the unique position of the famous restaurant. It is at once our Freemasons' Tavern and our Almack's—the place where wise diners go to dine well, and where youth and beauty, too ethereal to mind the refinements of gastronomy, make their assemblies. "Don't have any young women," said Thackeray, "about dinner parties. What do they know about eating?" And indeed there is something gross and anachronistical about a youthful epicure of either sex, like a precocious prudence in matters of money. To win and keep this double distinction has required, it need not be said, a high intelligence in the way both of enterprise and of discretion. And it was the constant exercise of this discretion by Lorenzo Delmonico during his whole life that made his honest fortune and his world-wide fame. It has been for at least twenty years a commonplace in Europe as well as in America that there was only one Delmonico's. Outside of the best London clubs one could not dine so well, and the best London clubs are out of the competition when the question is of restaurants. The cookery and the wines and the service were beyond reproach, and, taking them altogether, beyond comparison. Many persons who had been in the habit of regarding their dinners as a mere means of sustaining nature, and a scrupulous attention to dinner as unworthy of an earnest mind, learned for the first time at Delmonico's that dinner was not merely an ingestion, but an observance, and that it was but a wild nature that they had been sustaining during all the days that they had fed without dining. Many of them took this lesson—shall we say to stomach?—and disseminated it over the land. It can not be said to be even now so widely diffused as, for instance, a common-school education; but when we compare the commensalities of our country before the Delmonico period, as they have been related by candid travellers, with our condition in respect of dinner now, and think how large a share of the difference is due to Delmonico's, we shall not think it extravagant to call Delmonico's an agency of civilization.

We have said that comparisons could not fairly be drawn between a public restaurant and a private club; and yet one of the greatest praises of Lorenzo Delmonico and of his associates and successors is that they made and kept the social atmosphere of a public restaurant as sweet and wholesome as that of a private club. It is not altogether easy in such a place to restrain rude or boisterous behavior, or to rebuke it without risking scenes still more injurious. But one has always been as secure from offense of this kind at Delmonico's as he would be at any club, and the same sense of general disapproval has been as effective to restrain the natural man from giving offensive play to his impulses. Exhibitions of this kind were prevented by what everybody felt to be the tone of the place; and this tone was produced, not so much by the stringent enforcement of a few simple rules, as by the constant vigilance, tact, and firmness of the head of the house in protecting his guests from annoyance by one of themselves, no matter what the position of that one might be.

The last of the Delmonicos leaves four "Delmonico's" in New York, the parent hive in Beaver Street, and the colonies in Broad Street, in Broadway near Cedar Street, and in Broadway and Fifth Avenue at Twenty-sixth Street. The same high standard set by the founder of the house is kept in all of them, and large fortunes have been the deserved reward of public service. It is noteworthy that, while the business of the Delmonicos has been unfailingly prosperous, Lorenzo was driven into temporary insolvency by speculations in petroleum, and the aberration of mind which has caused the painful death of his nephew is said to have been heightened, if not occasioned, by losses in the stock market.



THE LATE CHARLES DELMONICO.—Photographed by Pach from an Oil Portrait.

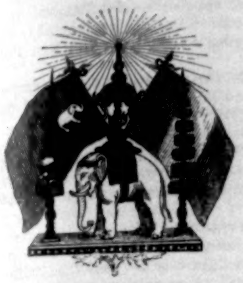


THE WEST SHORE RAILWAY TERMINUS ON THE HUDSON RIVER.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 59.]

ITS EXCELLENCY CHANG POUK.

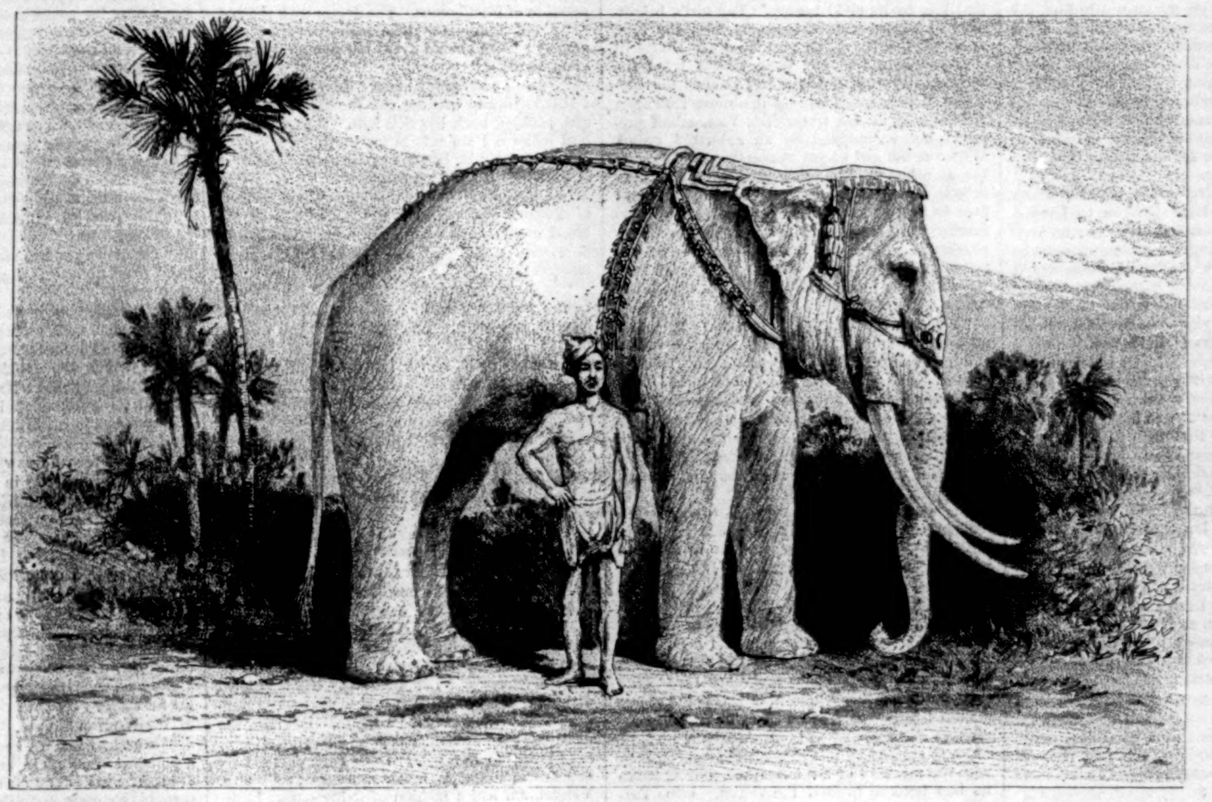
BY FRANK VINCENT, JUN.,

AUTHOR OF "THE LAND OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT."

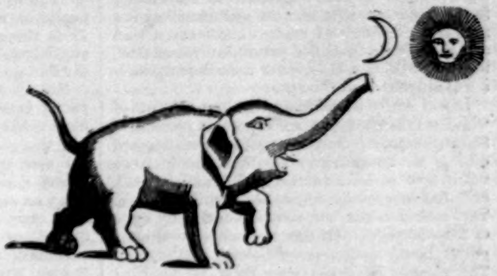

ROYAL ARMS OF SIAM.

Is the white elephant white, or only so by a figure of speech? That is the obvious question apropos of the recent purchase for $200,000—by the highly enterprising and well-known showman Mr. P. T. **Barnum**—of a Chang Pouk, or white elephant, which has just arrived in Liverpool, and which we are told to expect in New York in May. To this question it is impossible to answer yes or no. The Siamese themselves never speak of a white elephant, but of a Chang Pouk, or "strange-colored elephant." The hue varies from dull yellow to rose. **Buffon** gives it as ash gray. To the writer, who has seen the animal, both in Burmah and Siam, the color of the true white elephant has that delicate shade which distinguishes the nose of a white horse. "White" elephants of all tints, including both the light and the dark cream and the mahogany-colored, are albinos. Even among black elephants are to be found some partly white, the head and trunk invariably being the parts thus diversified. The same rule prevails among white elephants with black spots. The absolutely white elephant is seldom or never seen. As an ideal it may be conceived as enjoying a lonely paradise in some yet undiscovered jungle. Most of the so-called white elephants have a yellowish or reddish-brown skin, accompanied either with pink iris and scarlet-rimmed eyes, or white iris and white-rimmed eyes. They are of ordinary size and shape, and specimens of either sex are captured. Their color is simply a freak of nature, and not necessarily hereditary. Under like conditions white and black are equally long-lived, whatever be the difference in shades, and whether roaming in the forests of Laos or residing in royal state in the cities of Mandalay, Bankok, or Panompin.

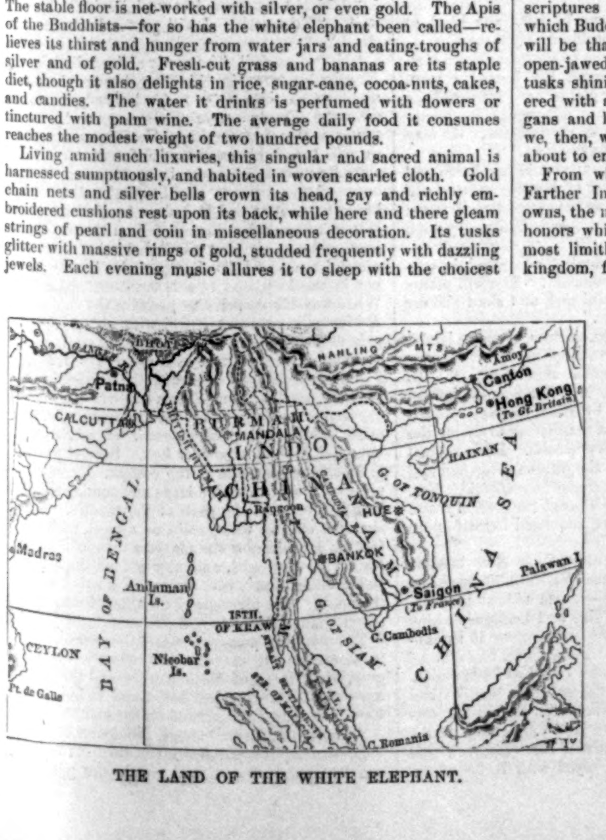
One may well say "in royal state"; for, partly on account of the superstition of the lower classes, who believe the white elephant divine, and partly on account of the prejudice of rulers, who believe that the presence of one brings national prosperity, the captured specimens live amid imperial splendor. Their large and airy stables are within the palace inclosure, and close to the royal abode. Beneath embroidered canopies they stand or lie, a fetter on the fore-leg being the only symptom of captivity. Umbrellas in gold, white, and red occupy adjacent nooks in company with Roman-like fasces of silver-tipped spears and axes. The stable floor is net-worked with silver, or even gold. The Apis of the Buddhists—for so has the white elephant been called—relieves its thirst and hunger from water jars and eating-troughs of silver and of gold. Fresh-cut grass and bananas are its staple diet, though it also delights in rice, sugar-cane, cocoa-nuts, cakes, and candies. The water it drinks is perfumed with flowers or tinctured with palm wine. The average daily food it consumes reaches the modest weight of two hundred pounds.


THE SACRED WHITE ELEPHANT.

Living amid such luxuries, this singular and sacred animal is harnessed sumptuously, and habited in woven scarlet cloth. Gold chain nets and silver bells crown its head, gay and richly embroidered cushions rest upon its back, while here and there gleam strings of pearl and coin in miscellaneous decoration. Its tusks glitter with massive rings of gold, studded frequently with dazzling jewels. Each evening music allures it to sleep with the choicest melodies to Farther India known. Trumpets and drums and a large retinue precede it to the bath, whither it is conducted with a large red umbrella held over it by some of the highest dignitaries. Young maidens strew its path with rarest flowers, which it picks up at will, first smelling them by virtue of its passionate delight in perfumes, and then conveying them to its mouth, where they are apt to be sacrificed to the grosser sense of taste. Save for this occasional bath, however, it rarely leaves its palace cell, except upon great feast days, when it always heads the procession. Amid these happy conditions—provided it does not die of astonishment or succumb to indigestion—it may live to be a centenarian, rejoicing in a weight measuring from one to three tons, and in a height varying from six to ten feet. And so profound is the Indo-Chinese belief in omens that an unusual grunt from this potentate is quite sufficient to interrupt the most important affairs, and break the most solemn engagements.


WHITE ELEPHANT WORSHIPPING THE SUN AND MOON.

The processions to which I have referred possess a civil and religious significance. The Buddhist Bull (to employ again one of the several names of this unique brute) is held sacred by all the Indo-Chinese nations excepting the Anamese. It is adored as a god while living, and its death is lamented as a national calamity. At the present day, however, it is worshipped chiefly by the lower classes. By the King and nobles it is revered, not so much on account of an imputed divinity, as because it is believed to bring prosperity to the country in peace and good fortune in war. The extraordinary veneration offered by the people is a traditional superstition of ancient date. It is a portion of the general reverence, among Buddhists, of white quadrupeds. The fact that the white elephant is found only in Buddhist countries, and but rarely even in them, probably gave rise to the belief that it must be the temporary abode of some mighty Buddha in his progress toward perfection. It was therefore agreed that to possess such a prize must be tantamount to enjoying the presence of Deity, with all concomitant blessings. Consequently the kingdom where one of these blonde and cyclopean beasts resides is thought to be rich and not liable to change, and the King is congratulated on being long-lived and invincible. Through his elephantine sympathies he believes himself a partaker of the divine nature. In the Pali scriptures it is duly set forth that the form under which Buddha will descend to earth for the last time will be that of a beautiful young white elephant, open-jawed, with a head the color of cochineal, with tusks shining like silver, sparkling with gems, covered with a splendid netting of gold, perfect in organs and limbs, and majestic in appearance. Are we, then, who are to have a white elephant here, about to entertain an angel unawares?

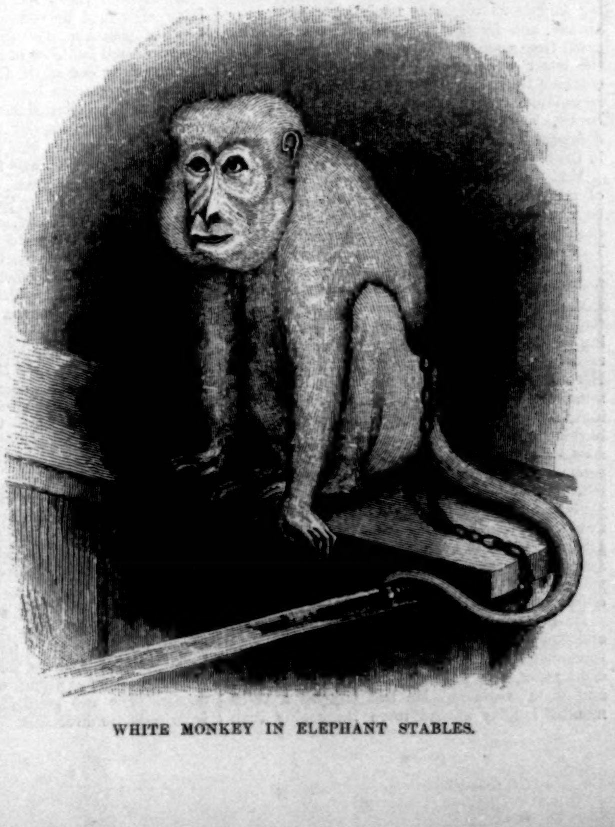


THE LAND OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT.

From what I have said it is evident that in Farther India the more white elephants a state owns, the more powerful it is supposed to be. The honors which the creature therefore enjoys are almost limitless. One of the finest districts in the kingdom, for instance, is often set apart for its maintenance. It takes rank immediately after the royal family, and is treated by the nobility like a prince of the blood. When sick, the King's physicians attend it, and the priests pray for its cure. Royal honors await it when it dies, and the entire people shave their heads, and mourn as for their dearest kinsmen.

When these facts are fully appreciated, it ceases to be a wonder that the rank of nobility is conferred upon this fortunate mammoth by the King in presence of the whole court, and that among its high-flown titles are "Gem of the Sky," "Glory of the Land," "Radiance of the World," and "Leveller of the Earth." An old Jesuit missionary once declared that the King of Siam did not ride the white elephant because the latter was equal in greatness to the King. The father of the present enlightened Siamese ruler addressed a pallid pachyderm he had loved and lost in poetic hyperbole, which reminds one more of certain passages in Solomon's Song than of anything else; as, for instance, "His tusks are like long pearls, his ears like silver shields, his trunk like a comet's tail," etc. This homage and superstition are reflected in the very titles and offices of the rulers and great men. In ancient Burmah the King assumed the title "Lord of the Spotted Elephants." At the present day the King of Cambodia is styled "First Cousin of the White Elephant"; the Prime Minister of Siam, "General of the Elephants"; the Foreign Minister of Anam, "Mandarin of Elephants"; while the Kings of Burmah and Siam both enjoy the still higher appellations, "Lord of the Celestial Elephant" and "Master of Many White Elephants." In Siam, too, everything associated with majesty and rank bears the image of this lordly leviathan, to whose proportions, when in repose and when a pure albino, Mrs. **Browning** might have appropriately referred in that paradoxical line which speaks of "thunders of white silence." As the lion in the Persian banner or the llama in the Peruvian, so the white elephant floats proudly in the banner of the Siamese. A badge of distinction is similarly created, and has become a coveted native decoration.

But I should be slighting an important point if I omitted to speak of the most constant companion of these pale proboscidians. Both the Burmese and the Siamese are extremely afraid of evil spirits, who, they believe, may be propitiated by the presence of a white monkey. As it is necessary to guard the white elephant from superhuman assault and influence, several white monkeys are generally kept in its stables. These monkeys are not reverenced for themselves, but for the protection—especially protection from sickness—they are supposed to give to their gigantic comrade. They are generally large, ugly, long-tailed baboons, thickly covered with fur as white as that of the whitest rabbit. As a rule they are in perfect health, and veritable demons of mischief. As rarely captured as the white elephant, they enjoy about the same privileges as it, having households and officers of their own; but


WHITE MONKEY IN ELEPHANT STABLES.

they are always obliged to yield it the precedence. There is encouragement to Darwinians in the Siamese saying that the white monkey is a man and a brother—I might almost say a man and a Buddha. Upon that principle civilized man, instead of being a little lower than the angels, is a little higher than the apes.

It will easily be believed that the capture of white elephants forms an important portion of Siamese annals. Only twenty-four were secured during all the thirteen hundred and fifty-two years that elapsed from A.D. 515 to A.D. 1867, and that covered the reigns of thirty-eight kings. This makes about one elephant for every cycle of fifty-six years. Of this number, several categories being made, eleven belong to the first. The discoverer of a Chang Pouk is rewarded with rank, office, title, and estates, together with a purse of about $1500 in gold—a large sum in Chang Pouk regions. A very high and dignified position to which the fortunate capturer is frequently raised is that of "Water-Carrier to the White Elephant." He is granted land free from taxation, and as spacious as the area over which the animal's trumpet-cry can be heard. He and his family to the third generation are exempted from servitude. Consequently the desire to obtain these rewards and privileges is so great that sometimes much property is destroyed in attempting a capture. It should be borne in mind, however, that Siam is in no exclusive sense *the* land of the white elephant, since its habitat is the entire central portion of the great peninsula of Southeastern Asia, styled Farther India, or Indo-China, extending from the Bay of Bengal on the west to the China Sea on the east. In fact, the "white wonder" is seldom found within the strict boundaries of the kingdom of Siam. Readers, and perhaps travellers, have been misled by the fact that the royal banner of that kingdom is a white elephant on a crimson field. But we do not look for unicorns and lions in Great Britain because they are emblazoned on her escutcheon, or for dragons in China for the reason that they are pictured on her flag.

No wonder that thirty years ago Sir JOHN BOWRING wrote home from Bankok to London that a white elephant was beyond price; no wonder that the Siamese King, among the presents he gave him for the Queen of England, included a gold box containing some choice hairs from a white elephant's tail; no wonder that one of the Siamese ambassadors who visited London a few years ago likened the Empress of India to a beautiful and majestic white elephant! So highly prized is this *lusus naturæ* that it has even been the cause of war. For the possession of one which existed in Siam three nations were at war for nearly a century, and in the battles that raged five kings and thousands of soldiers found their death. At another time Burmah demanded that Siam should deliver up two of the seven white elephants she possessed. A refusal being given, the Burmese invaded Siam with a large army, and carried away four of the hallowed monsters instead of the two originally demanded.

Hitherto in this country it has been considered a great misfortune "to have a white elephant to keep." It now appears as if the emphatic contrary would for once prove true; for since the Chang Pouk that is coming will probably give pleasure both to its possessor and to the majority who visit it, it can not prove a misfortune; and since it represents the investment of much capital, and the acquirement of a good deal more, we may feel safe in describing this rosy personification of Buddha in CHARLES SPRAGUE's felicitous couplet, slightly altered:

"Through life's dark road its sordid way it wends,
An incarnation of fat dividends."

A PUFF OF POWDER.

By VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON.

IN the month of September the steam-ship *Polar Star* was making a favorable voyage to American shores. Her first-class passengers comprised the usual elements of pleasure-seeking Americans returning home after a summer abroad, and foreigners intent on reaping some profit from a sojourn in the New World. Among the latter were several noblemen prepared to combine the sport of wife and buffalo hunting, speculators fresh from the bourse of Paris and Berlin, and the usual professional element, dreaming of a harvest of golden dollars reaped in the States à la Bernhardt or Ristori.

Mrs. Clarence Vandenhoff was the great lady of the American element. She was reputed to be immensely rich, and she moved about surrounded by a little court of deferential satellites. The captain of the ship paid her a visit each morning when she appeared on deck attired in black satin, with ten-button yellow gloves on her shapely hands, and a delicate film of lace veil toning down the rouge on her cheeks, and guarding the fluffy gray curls of her coiffure from any rude familiarity on the part of the ocean breezes. Her advent occasioned a little flutter, incident to a maid following bearing Indian wraps and cushions, a man-servant carrying the poodle, usually barking wildly, and that young relative, Miss Parsons, bringing up the rear. Mrs. Vandenhoff was pronounced a handsome, carefully preserved old lady, enjoying a well-merited popularity, and with genial smiles for all the world. The cynical affirmed that her demeanor was too impressively gracious, taken in connection with the lace and satin of her raiment, while the envious sneered that she wore more diamonds than the strict requirements of good taste permitted.

Dr. Percy Saunderson occupied cabin No. 12, and was well satisfied to find he was to have no room-mate. He was a young man of twenty-eight years, with a keen eye, an intelligent face, and good manners. He had enjoyed a three months' holiday abroad more thoroughly than most of his fellow-passengers, for while they had sped from famous picture-galleries to mountain peaks, or wandered perplexed in the mazes of Paris shops, he had sought the shrine of great physicians, inspired with the ardent respect of a disciple.

Mrs. Clarence Vandenhoff had early added the young doctor to her circle on shipboard. She liked to have good-looking young men about her; and the good-looking young men, in turn, were not slow to perceive that such preference possessed social advantages not to be neglected. Many an obscure youth dated a brilliant marriage from carrying the parasol and shawl of Mrs. Vandenhoff, as her attentive cavalier. As for the noblemen, respectively Austro-Hungarian and British, Mrs. Vandenhoff had received them under her especial protection before the *Polar Star* had been at sea two days, and the adjustment of her dimpled double chin indicated that she would see what could be done for them when she landed. Dr. Saunderson had accepted her overtures with alacrity. In the first place, a rising physician must neglect none of the stepping-stones accorded him by fate, such as the golden patronage of a fashionable woman; and in the second, Mrs. Vandenhoff held the clew of a mystery. The mystery was her relative, Miss Parsons. The latter was a tall and slender girl, clad in mourning, with a face symmetrical enough, yet dependent on expression for any attractive grace. This face, with the large eyes sparkling, the rosy lips parted, the cheeks suffused with a glow of pleasure, had beamed down on the young doctor from a terrace at Versailles a month earlier, and dazzled him by its vivid beauty. The girl's brightness of aspect was in harmony with the fête, when all the fountains sent up their shafts of silvery waters, and gay little booths lined the avenue. Again the doctor had studied her profile at Windsor, self-repressed, almost frowning, and as cold as ice, while Mrs. Vandenhoff preceded her, surrounded by an animated group. Why was the girl so gay at one time, and so sombre at others? The study interested Dr. Saunderson inexplicably, and the brilliant, piquant face as he had first beheld it possessed a novel fascination. Now it was always veiled in an impenetrable reserve, nor had he been able to surprise again the mobile change to light-hearted, girlish gayety in the daily, almost hourly, intercourse of shipboard.

"I will find her out yet," reflected the young man, compressing his lips, and perhaps with a touch of self-conceit in the resolution. "She is a remarkable girl. She is a bad-tempered creature, curbed by the abundant good-humor of Mrs. Vandenhoff, or she is amiable, and suffers from some secret unhappiness. I wish she was not always on her guard not to betray herself." These tantalizing conjectures occupied the idle hours of the voyage.

The usual entertainment in aid of distressed seamen was given in the large saloon one evening. Mrs. Vandenhoff, resplendent in silk and jewels, occupied a prominent place, but a searching glance on the part of Dr. Saunderson assured him of the absence of Lillie Parsons. Swift impulse made him seek his cabin, under pretense of requiring an eyeglass, and gain the deck. His perceptions were confused, his heart beat quickly, all the elements of life on board the *Polar Star* had become mere mechanical adjuncts to the one central figure of a girl in a black dress, cold, distrait in manner, and sad. Here was a malady, hitherto studied by this physician in embryo, only with the mockery of the unscathed, and of which he had become himself the victim. Lillie Parsons interested, baffled, and perplexed him, probably unconsciously. Why did she attract him? He could not decide. How did she differ so marvellously and radiantly from the rest of womenkind? Her bearing was the reverse of suave, scarcely civil sometimes, and she snubbed the court of Mrs. Vandenhoff, without exception even for the noblemen. Now the brief voyage was drawing to a close, and Dr. Saunderson could not flatter himself he had gained anything in what he was pleased to consider a psychological study.

He quitted cabin No. 12, and went on deck. Long afterward he remembered that a woman brushed past him, near the companionway, with the speed and lightness of a phantom. He recognized vaguely one of the foreign actresses of the burlesque troupe on board. She was a thin woman, with black frizzled hair hanging low over her brow, fine eyes, irregular features, and a wide, red mouth, garnished with dazzling white teeth—a whole that made up well for the stage. She had been singing a comic aria, to the accompaniment of a mandolin, when Dr. Saunderson left the saloon, which elicited much applause.

The night was cloudless, and stars sparkled overhead, while the vessel pursued her course with steady throb of machinery, and the black waters rushed past the sides, flecked with creamy foam. As Dr. Saunderson emerged on deck two people met his eye on this nearly deserted promenade. Lillie Parsons leaned over the bulwark in a dreamy attitude, and Mr. Midge observed her at a distance. Dr. Saunderson clinched his hand involuntarily. He detested Mr. Midge with the keen instincts of rivalry. Was not this fat, middle-aged man, with gray whiskers and an ample waistcoat, always near Lillie Parsons? Did he not hedge her about with camp-stools and long chairs? Did he not cut off her retreat by doubling around the smoke-stack with the surprising nimbleness often perceptible in stout men? Did he not render her life burdensome by reason of his prosy stories? The watchful eye of Mrs. Clarence Vandenhoff was on this budding attachment with fostering smiles, for Mr. Midge was a millionaire if twice a widower. Dr. Saunderson felt that such a terrible old bore should be suppressed, and Mr. Midge retaliated by ignoring the very existence of a personable young doctor. The two gentlemen approached Lillie from opposite directions.

"You do not wish to attend the concert?" inquired bland Mr. Midge; but he glowered at Dr. Saunderson over the young lady's head.

"Good-evening, Miss Parsons," said the latter, eagerly.

He had intended to seize the occasion of a shadowy evening and a deserted deck to say many things in the pretty pink ear of this girl. He was determined to hold his ground. He would not be bullied by an old fellow with money. Such an attitude might be imprudent for a rising professional man, but prudence did not enter into his calculations just then.

"I have a headache," explained Lillie, glancing from one to the other. She moved toward the doctor as she spoke, and a small hand, groping along his coat sleeve, slid into his own with a clinging, beseeching pressure of the soft fingers.

The sound of the machinery and the rushing waves hummed in the doctor's ears. He would not have yielded an inch to ten Mr. Midges after that mark of confidence.

"You will be more comfortable on the other side," said Mr. Midge, offering his arm with ponderous gallantry not devoid of authority.

"On the contrary, Miss Parsons feels the wind less here," said the doctor, dryly.

"Did you speak, sir?" demanded Mr. Midge, with a stony stare of anger.

"I prefer to remain here," interposed Lillie. "How kind of you, doctor, to remember my poor head! Of course I will take the drops you brought from Paris if you think best. I am in your hands."

She uttered these sweet words with a confiding gesture, and raised her fine eyebrows with an expression of intelligence. The doctor took the cue.

"I will administer them to-morrow," he said, gravely; "you should avoid too powerful a stimulant to-night."

"Yes. I was resting in our cabin, and I thought I should like to breathe the fresh air," said the girl, pushing back her rich hair. "Mrs. Vandenhoff believes I am safe in my berth."

"You would be better in your berth," observed Mr. Midge, with sudden primness.

She measured him with one of those glances of defiance and mockery which had stirred the blood in the veins of the millionaire more than once with a sense of helpless vexation and allurement.

"Is that your opinion, Mr. Midge? Very well, I need not obey you. I must mind the doctor instead, you know. Ah, what power you doctors hold!"

"Far too much power, in my estimation," added Mr. Midge, with increasing exasperation.

Just then a shrill exclamation was uttered by a woman on the other side of the deck. "Is that you, Miss Lillie? I thought you were asleep in your berth."

"I thought you or Thomas always remained in the corridor near the cabin door," said Miss Parsons, with surprise.

"Well, I am sure, miss!" cried Hannah, and vanished down the companionway.

The next moment Mrs. Vandenhoff appeared on deck, and Lillie's manner became nervous and confused. When the ladies withdrew to their cabin for the night the faithful Hannah mounted guard near the door as usual. A fact soon became apparent which surprised neither of these attendants. The great lady had a studied deportment for company, and a sharp and nagging mode of speech in private. Hannah, the maid, bore all stoically, with the end in view of feathering her own nest. Lillie Parsons, the lady dependent, found it much more galling. Mrs. Vandenhoff had a fashion of flying out at Lillie, before wreathing her face in the smile of society, with the inevitable result that the girl appeared in public afterward dispirited, ungracious, and timid. To-night she said, in a biting tone:

"Well? Had Mr. Midge proposed before that impudent whipper-snapper of a young doctor interfered?"

"No," replied Lillie, slowly, and sought refuge in the depths of her berth, drawing the curtains.

Hannah, the maid, was consigning the silky gray curls to a box, and incasing the head of her mistress in an embroidered night-cap.

"Mr. Midge has spoken to me," continued Mrs. Vandenhoff, as she sought her berth in turn. "You are a very lucky girl to have attracted the admiration of such a man, although, to be frank, what he sees in you I can not imagine. He may pick and choose a wife anywhere."

Lillie drew aside the curtains of her berth and launched this little volley of defiance at her brilliant relative: "I hope he may choose well, then; I would rather jump overboard than marry such an odious old man."

Whereupon Mrs. Vandenhoff separated the curtains of her berth and retorted: "You will marry Mr. Midge, you ungrateful girl, or I shall shower no more benefits on you."

"I intend to leave you, madam, when we land," said Lillie, trembling, yet resolute.

Neither lady slept much that night; the atmosphere was electrical. Mrs. Vandenhoff planned a dinner party and ball, by which means to launch her noblemen in such a manner as to derive the greatest amount of glory herself. Lillie sobbed and buried her head in the pillows, wretched and heart-stricken by the charge of ingratitude. Mrs. Vandenhoff had given her bread for several years. Would another girl have acquitted herself more worthily in her place?

Next day the steam-ship *Polar Star* became aware that Mrs. Clarence Vandenhoff had lost her diamond solitaires—those twinkling ornaments of extraordinary size and brilliancy which so much resembled bits of clear glass to the uninitiated. She had laid them aside, in favor of pearls, for the concert, and they had been stolen. Save on this occasion the precious baubles had not quitted the ears of the owner during the voyage, for a great lady like Mrs. Vandenhoff usually has some jewels about with her. Rumor seized this item of news and toyed with it, for everybody was weary of the attrition of shipboard. Affinities had chilled to aversion; dislike had deepened; gossip even lost its zest as the voyage drew to a close. The value of the diamond solitaires grew with the lapse of hours and the wagging of idle tongues. In the morning the whisper buzzed about the deck that the stones were worth one thousand dollars, and by evening they were rated at ten thousand in the saloon.

Dr. Saunderson approached Mrs. Vandenhoff to make inquiries concerning the robbery, and in the hope of exchanging a few words with Miss Parsons.

"Shall I have the whole ship's company put in irons and their pockets searched?" asked the captain, jestingly.

"What a disagreeable suggestion!" returned Mrs. Vandenhoff, with a dignified gesture of dismissing the matter. "It was all my own fault. I was far too careless in leaving the jewels scattered about."

Every one stared in surprise. Lillie Parsons bit her lip and lowered her eyes. She wore her crape veil drawn tight over her pale face. Hannah, the maid, had red eyelids and a sullen mien.

"Do you give up all search so readily?" exclaimed Dr. Saunderson, involuntarily.

"Search for lost diamonds on shipboard might be like the proverbial needle in a hay-stack," hinted Mr. Midge, pursing up his thick features with an expression of sagacity.

"All investigation would be quite useless, I am convinced," said Mrs. Vandenhoff, in a cold and constrained tone.

Did she suspect the actual thief? A chill crept over the assembled listeners.

The *Polar Star* reached port in safety. Dr. Saunderson consigned the articles scattered about his cabin to his portmanteau. This portmanteau was small in size, gray in color, with straps of black leather, and marked with the letters P. S. He had bought the article in Paris as cheap and serviceable for the voyage. Impulse led him to place the portmanteau in the corridor, just outside the cabin door, and once more seek the deck. Mrs. Vandenhoff bade him farewell with her usual affability, and gave him a card, receiving his own in return.

"I am sure you are very clever," said the great lady, playfully. "If I fall ill I shall certainly seek you."

Dr. Saunderson bowed, and returned for his portmanteau with an abstracted aspect. Lillie Parsons was invisible. Should he not see her again? Was she avoiding him? Had she accepted the millionaire Mr. Midge? Oh, the worship of the golden calf in our day! thought the young doctor, with bitterness, as he prepared to land.

The first face he saw was that of a custom-house officer, smiling in recognition. Dr. Saunderson had saved the life of this man's boy, the previous winter, in a case of diphtheria.

"All right, doctor," he said, cheerfully. "Pass on. We can trust you, I guess."

"I hope that is no reflection on the length of my purse," replied Dr. Saunderson, laughing.

He was glad to pass on, however, give his luggage in charge of an express agent, and, with the portmanteau in his hand, spring on a passing street car. His abode was not far up-town. He had an office, with several rooms in the rear, on the first floor of a red brick house, in the vicinity of Washington Square. Practice was a coy goddess that had not yet smiled on him. His sign, a polished brass plate, beamed a welcome as he approached the familiar door. At the same moment his comrade, John Rowswell, bounced around the corner of the street, his face flushed, his eyes sparkling, and his hair literally bristling on end with excitement.

"The professor needs you at the hospital," he panted, grasping Dr. Saunderson by the hand. "A rare chance for all of us. He has a splendid case. Take lunch with us."

"I have just landed from the steamer," demurred the latter.

"Thought you came last week," said Dr. Rowswell. "No matter. I will go for Parkman instead."

"No, no; wait." The newly arrived disciple of Æsculapius darted into his office, dropped the portmanteau, gave an order to his landlady, and ran after the already retreating messenger, whose enthusiasm was so contagious. Two days and nights elapsed before his return. He forgot the steam-ship *Polar Star* while he hung absorbed in the issue of the case at the hospital. Returning home, he went to bed, and slept for twelve hours. When he awakened his eye fell on the portmanteau, and a pang shot through his heart at the remembrance of Lillie Parsons. He inserted the key in the lock, and turned it without difficulty. What was his surprise to perceive the contents! A blue silk petticoat frilled with cheap lace; a pair of rose-colored slippers with a hole in one; a blonde false front tied with greasy red ribbons; a broken fan, all perfumed with the blended scents of musk, patchouli, and Russia leather—such were the articles stored in his portmanteau. In the other side a crumpled *peignoir* of cotton was wrapped around a powder box. Several photographs were scattered in the bottom. These represented a woman with a large and smiling mouth and fine eyes, in the garb of the theatre. Now she was clad in white satin as a page, with one foot on a chair, now she played a mandolin as an Italian peasant girl, and now gained dignity in full evening dress, with strings of pearls around the neck. The photographs, without name, were dated Vienna, Munich, and Nice.

The mystified possessor raised the portmanteau to scrutinize the exterior more closely. It was gray, with straps of black leather, and the locks were similar, as his key had fitted it, but there were no letters P. S. painted on the end.

"Articles de Paris," mused the doctor.

He took up the powder box in turn. The box was large, and of tarnished metal, once gilt, and on the lid a coquettish soubrette was depicted, with high-heeled shoes and short petticoats, using the powder puff of her mistress before a mirror. He raised this lid, and found the box filled with pink powder to the brim—one of those toilet powders which make a woman's face resemble a flower, seen in a discreet light, and through which paltry medium the splendid beauty of a Roman girl sometimes shines in broad day. Dr. Saunderson dipped his finger into the rosy dust.

"O woman, when will you forego your face washes and your tinkling ornaments?" he soliloquized, closing the box, and restoring these worthless articles to their receptacle. Evidently his own had been picked up by mistake on board the steamer. If the exchange had been made to rob him, the thief had gained little by the transaction.

"There was a volume of Baedeker with my name in it," he thought; "I can easily be found if this poor woman wishes to recover her blue petticoat and powder box. Those photographs resemble one of the actresses of the burlesque troupe—yes, that woman in yellow silk who flashed past me on the night of the concert."

He sought the office of the steam-ship line. No tidings of the portmanteau had been received. He left his card, and returned home, resolved to advertise the matter. His colleague again met him on the threshold, and bore him away to the hospital. During the next week medical studies absorbed him. The portmanteau was thrust into the wardrobe and forgotten. Work was conquering sentiment, or at least holding it in abeyance. The young doctor began to be known. He was permitted to prepare and deliver a course of lectures on the heart and its circulation. He considered the organ from a purely scientific stand-point.

He found leisure to call at the stately mansion of Mrs. Clarence Vandenhoff, and found the lady absent. The servant stared when he asked for Miss Parsons. She no longer lived there. On another occasion he met Mrs. Vandenhoff, and was told in a smooth and natural way that she had been obliged to part with Lillie for a time.

"Mr. Midge is not discouraged, you know," said the great lady, with one of her sparkling smiles, for she thought much of appearances.

Dr. Saunderson returned to his work, foiled and disappointed.

At Christmas-time he kicked the portmanteau in seeking a coat in the wardrobe. He opened it, took out the powder box slyly, and proffered it to Kate, the Irish girl who took charge of his rooms. Kate, proud of her complexion, tossed her head and declined the gift, amidst mutual merriment. She left it on the doctor's bureau, where it remained untouched for many weeks. Then an aunt, and three pretty cousins fresh from school, called on him, and he gravely offered the powder box to each in turn. The school-girls giggled and thrust their inquisitive little noses into the pink power, while their mother said, reproachfully:

"How can you put such ideas in their heads, Percy? They have nice skins, too."

"I will never tender this charming box to woman again," exclaimed Percy. "No; I shall wait until it is begged for by one sufficiently honest to acknowledge she uses rose-tinted powder."

He climbed on a chair, and placed the box on a bracket, already ornamented with a large Japanese fan.

The snow fell, and the early winter twilight was deepening to night, when the doctor entered a crowded street car. He slipped into a vacant seat, beside a lady closely veiled, with an adroitness of movement which thwarted the intention of a stout gentleman to gain the same place. He recognized the latter as Mr. Midge. The millionaire, having lost his seat on the opposite side of the conveyance, held himself erect by means of the strap, and stood before the lady. Who was she? Dr. Saunderson could not see her face, but surely that organ which had been analyzed only scientifically in his lectures during the winter began to thump tumultuously behind his waistcoat pocket, at sight of the veiled figure. Mr. Midge stooped and murmured some words in the lady's ear. She started as if stung, rose, and left the car. Mr. Midge followed nimbly; so did Dr. Saunderson, the blood mounting to his head.

"Why are you following that lady, Mr. Midge?"

"Why are *you* following her, sir?" demanded Mr. Midge, in an angry tone.

The veiled lady paused, and clasped her two little hands around the doctor's arm.

"Oh, I am so glad to have found you again!" she sighed; and then, gaining courage, added: "Mr. Midge, pray leave me in peace. Nothing you can say will make the slightest difference. I will never, never, marry you."

"Perhaps what this—this lover has to say may be more agreeable. So be it," sneered Mr. Midge, and yet with an attempt at sarcastic politeness.

Lillie Parsons trembled, and the doctor drew her hand through his arm. He grew taller as he confronted burly Mr. Midge.

"This lady is under my protection," he said, sternly.

"Ah, indeed!" and Mr. Midge walked away with a very unpleasant laugh.

How swiftly all this had happened! The two young people stood beneath a street lamp, looking at each other in trouble, yet with a growing joy.

"I thought you were married to that man," he breathed.

"No," she replied, in surprise. "I have been working to support myself. Did you not know it? I left Mrs. Vandenhoff on landing. Not for worlds would I have slept again under her roof."

"Why," inquired the doctor, mystified.

"Oh, she was cruel! She believes that I stole her diamonds. Can you credit it? Yes, I was left in the cabin the night of the concert, but I went out on deck, supposing Hannah took care of everything as usual. Mrs. Vandenhoff found my absence a clumsy artifice to conceal the theft."

"Poor child!" said Dr. Saunderson, softly. "Try to forget such folly. She will repent of the meanness of her judgment some day. May I take you home?"

Lillie looked at him with those large and dilating eyes he had admired at the Versailles fête.

"Yes," she said.

One week later these two were married. After a quiet wedding there was a joyful home-coming to that modest brick house with the brass plate on the door.

"We must be very prudent, as we are so poor," said the bride, gayly.

She surveyed her tiny kingdom, and nodded her head. The room in the rear, previously a sort of chemical laboratory, was converted into a kitchen, with a good cooking-stove, and here Mrs. Saunderson wrought such marvels in the culinary art, with the aid of sundry cook-books, that the honey-moon became a perpetual picnic. Who so deftly thrifty and happy as the young wife, granted the mission of helpmate to a man she loved, instead of a gilded cage by Mr. Midge? In the early morning she went out with a basket wrought in gay wools, and returned with all sorts of practical purchases from grocer and baker concealed in the discreet depths. She entered into an alliance with a stout washer-woman, who brought her roasted fowls and boiled ham with the weekly linen. The doctor himself proved an adept in broiling oysters and devilling crabs in leisure moments. The ménage could not have been more unpretending or harmonious. Pride and self-reliance had awakened in the soul of the timid girl, and made her a courageous woman. She worked for one of the decorative art societies, painting fans and screens with true artistic skill, and designing borders for curtains and furniture in silks and wool, as she had done before her marriage, and she kept the pupils she had visited daily during the winter. A new gentleness became perceptible in her bearing with the children—a shabby little circle, offspring of a musician. Surely softer coloring and more tender fancies grouped the little downy birds building their nests on the screens and fans, and tinted the sprays of apple blossoms. What merriment flavored those dinners, partaken of with a novel zest of appetite! For society the couple strolled forth into the city squares and thoroughfares, brilliantly lighted with gas, and admired the shop windows. They snapped their fingers at Mr. Midge and the world.

Lillie had the good sense to leave the office untouched, only she noticed the powder box on the bracket with the Japanese fan, and heard the history of the portmanteau.

"I intend to keep the portmanteau for a year, and then I shall be tempted to give the blue silk petticoat to a little patient of mine who belongs to the ballet," said the doctor. "As for the powder box, you shall have it when you go off in your looks, my dear."

"The idea!" replied the bride, surveying her peachy cheeks in a mirror.

One morning the carriage of Mrs. Vandenhoff stopped before the door, and a footman rang the bell.

"She has come to give us her blessing," cried Lillie, who was making her first attempt at a pie, in an apron, with her arms smeared with flour.

Mrs. Vandenhoff had no such intention. She entered flushed and troubled, and demanded a private, not to say secret, interview with Dr. Saunderson. The latter assumed his gravest professional aspect; the invisible Lillie continued to make the pie.

"I do not wish my health gossiped about," said Mrs. Vandenhoff. "In my position, you know, one shrinks from questions and condolences. I fear I am ill. Oh, do you think it can be my heart? I have read about your wonderful lectures of this winter. I was sure you were very clever."

"Possibly the heart is affected," he rejoined.

At these words Mrs. Vandenhoff clasped her hands, uttered a faint shriek, and showed symptoms of an apoplectic seizure. Dr. Saunderson glanced quickly around, and snatched the large Japanese fan from the bracket, wherewith to restore the great lady. In doing so he knocked off the lid of the powder box, which had remained there many months, and overturned it. Puff! The pink powder descended on the velvet bonnet of Mrs. Vandenhoff, and as the box rolled over, two hard pellets, thickly coated with the same fragrant dust, struck her on the cheek. Mrs. Vandenhoff screamed again, sneezed, and blinked, for the powder covered her as a miller is adorned with flour in his mill. She caught the pellets in her hand.

"My diamonds!" she exclaimed, rubbing them on her glove, when they sparkled like stars.

Yes, the diamond solitaires of Mrs. Clarence Vandenhoff had reposed at the bottom of the box filled with rosy powder since they were stolen on board the steam-ship *Polar Star*.

Lillie was summoned, still in her cooking apron, and proceeded to brush her distinguished relative, to whose rich apparel the powder clung so tenaciously, while Dr. Saunderson produced the portmanteau, and explained the perils to which the toilet box had been exposed. When calmness was restored, the heart of Mrs. Vandenhoff was duly examined, and Dr. Saunderson was at no loss to prescribe a digestive pill, and the abandonment of tight lacing.

Among the honored guests at Mrs. Vandenhoff's Easter party that year were Dr. Saunderson and his wife. Expediency had ruled the day. The hostess, with her pet ear-drops again sparkling on either side of her genial countenance, could look Lillie in the eye and conveniently forget that she had ever taxed anybody with unlawfully taking the gems. Her standard for human nature was low, and her suspicions ever alert.

"Poor dear Mr. Midge is going to marry one of the Lamson girls," she said, archly. "It is such a desirable match in every respect! Yes, she is the youngest and prettiest, and there are such a lot of them!"

Is not Mrs. Vandenhoff prepared to place a golden ladder for the aspiring young physician, on the strength of the visit which proved that her heart was in the right place, after all?

A whim led Percy Saunderson to take his wife to the theatre when a burlesque and spectacular entertainment was given. A page in white satin, with a plumed cap, came on the scene to make love to the first dancer of the ballet, amidst revolving lights and fairy cascades.

"She is the woman who brushed past me that night on shipboard," said Dr. Saunderson. "I believe she was the thief. She noticed that Mrs. Vandenhoff wore pearls instead of the famous diamonds, and when her song was finished she slipped out, gained your cabin, took the gems, and popped them into the powder box for safekeeping. That was a good hiding-place. Perhaps she has carried jewels in the powder before. She put the box amidst rubbish in the portmanteau, intending to carry it herself, but she took mine, by mistake, in the corridor. She has feared to claim her own."

"Surely she should be punished," mused Lillie. "I have heard of hiding jewels in powder. An English girl once told me that Italian ladies of rank thus conceal their diamonds when making journeys to the baths and the sea-side."

"I believe all this myself, yet how prove it?" pursued the doctor. "I am ignorant of this woman's name and nationality, for a play-bill in a theatre teaches nothing. Do you know what cured Mrs. Vandenhoff's heart-disease? A digestive pill, and receiving a mere puff of powder on her head—charged with brilliants."

The curtain fell on the page in white satin, the electric lights, the pasteboard palaces of the stage. Lillie glanced tenderly at her husband. "I believe I could make a plum-pudding for your birthday," she affirmed, suddenly.

"You darling!" he responded, with equal fervor. "I shall need a digestive pill, also, in that case."

CATS ON EXHIBITION.

The author of that popular ditty, "The Cats in our Back Yard," should be able to derive inspiration for another equally felicitous effort from the uses to which the Madison Square Garden is being put this week, for it is now given over to the Fanciers' Show—fanciers of cats, besides poultry and fish. Not that the felines at the show seem as felicitous as when they roam at night over their domain. The cat does not like to be exhibited. Even the female cat, which, like her sex of other genera, has a strong dash of vanity in her nature, does not enjoy displaying her charms at an exhibition. She prefers to reserve them for male admirers of her own genus. Daylight and the noisy crowd also interfere with feline enjoyment. From its habits the cat might be described as a musical creature which joys at night. During the day it sleeps behind the warm stove. If you stroke it with your hand it stretches itself and purrs. It looks like a cozy, contented creature without spiritual yearnings. But when the shades of night have fallen, your pet, if she be a female, repairs to her bower on the roof of the extension; or, if he be a tom-cat, saunters out into the back yard, gathers himself for a spring, and then with a bound is on the back fence. He steals stealthily along until he reaches that portion of the fence nearest to the bower of his beloved. Then he squats and gazes awhile in silent admiration into the eyes that glow lovingly down upon him through the dusk. But the silence lasts only a while. His whole being trembles with spiritual exaltation, which soon finds expression in the song which his beloved holds dearest. Probably it is a serenade, deep and reposeful, occasionally broken by the thrill of amorous agitation. Need that serenade be described? Who has not heard with wonder its mysterious sequences and weird cadenzas?

Musicians have long endeavored to reduce the music of the domesticated members of the family of Felidæ to a system; but they have been baffled. They have tried to annotate the melody, to divide it into bars, and have failed. Occasionally, when some learned professor has been on the very verge of discovery, some heartless person, unfeeling alike to the charms of music and the importance of scientific progress, has rudely punctuated the nocturne with a boot-jack, and thus brought it to a sudden close. Therefore musicians have contented themselves with the simple conclusion that the music of the family of Felidæ is based on a scale different from any scale employed from antiquity to the present day—a scale of which it has been as yet impossible to form a conception.

It might be supposed that such studies could be prosecuted at the cat show, but, as was indicated, the cats at the very interesting show are not as spirited as usual. They have been deprived of their back fences. Instead of being at liberty to roam at will under the black protection of night to give musical utterance to their amorous aspirations, and engage in single combat with any rival in fair tabby's affections, they are shut up in cages. Hence they are sad and silent for the most, though beautiful still. Their silence seems even stranger than their sadness to all who have not been in that part of South America—that one small portion of the globe—where cats do not possess the power of singing, or, as one unappreciative traveller writes, "where they have not the nocturnal howl." But there are some which do not seem to mind their unnatural surroundings. The eye, as it passes from cage to cage, rests upon a magnificent tom, black as night, looking as if he might weigh some twenty-five pounds—the king among all the cats in the neighborhood of the butcher's shop to which he belongs. Near him is a small brown animal with black symmetrical streaks. He seems contented. His cheeks are puffed out, his eyes half closed, and his lips seemingly on a broad smile. He is not handsome, but as he is young, the owner hopes that he will take the premium for sweet, child-like expression. There is a big white fellow with a fierce light in his eyes, as if he heard his rival, the fine Maltese opposite, singing around the chimney, while a fair charmer near by looks out from her cage with an expression which says, "Now, gentlemen, be calm!" A French pussy, very elegant and graceful, is coquetting with a neighbor from the country. Then there is a fine tortoise-shell tom holding himself with as much dignity as if he knew that his family was mentioned in the Sanskrit manuscripts of two thousand years ago, or that his ancestors had been embalmed by the Egyptians. An Angora cat, with one eye blue and the other yellow, after the manner of her species, repels contemptuously the advances of her tailless cousin from the Isle of Man. A white puss as she licks her paws shows on her tongue those horny papillæ which, exaggerated on the lion's tongue, enable him to skin a man's hand with one lick. Nearly all these cats show in miniature the physical qualities which distinguish the great ferocious members of their family—strong bones and muscles, well knit but supple joints, fine sinew, and a quick, changing light in their eyes.

This cat exhibition is a new feature of the New York Fanciers' Club's show. This club, whose officers include such well-known fanciers as C. J. Quimby, Philander Williams, and Charles R. Harker, devotes its interest principally to poultry. But this year cats were added to the list of exhibits, and fish, a feature of a former exhibition, retained. Mr. Blackford has taken special pains to make the fish department interesting. In the centre of his exhibit he has a large fountain lighted by subaqueous electric lights, which shimmer over the fins of many beautiful gold-fish. In the pigeon department Mr. Bunting Hawkins, of Bordentown, exhibits about $5000 worth of fantails, Mr. Newell many of his barbs with their curious eye wattles, and Mr. Hawkins, of Lancaster, Massachusetts, and Mr. Williams, of Taunton, some fine poultry. The taxidermists have contributed many striking examples of their skill, and the dressed poultry is also an interesting feature. A number of incubators are at work, hatching chicks by the thousand.

For each department there are special premiums, those for cats including, for the cat with the largest number of kittens, a Persian rug, and for the thinnest cat one can of condensed milk.

THE WEST SHORE TERMINUS.

The heights of Weehawken command a good view of the city of New York and the river, with its fleets of ships and its ever-crossing ferry-boats, and all visitors to the spot where Hamilton fell before the pistol of Burr have admired the rugged beauty of the site. Here, between Weehawken and Hoboken, is situated the great terminus of the West Shore road. The water-front is practically unlimited, there are no street obstructions, and dock facilities of unrivalled completeness are now in a state of forwardness. A great deal has been done, but much still remains to do, in order to provide means for ready handling of the immense traffic which the road is calculated to carry.

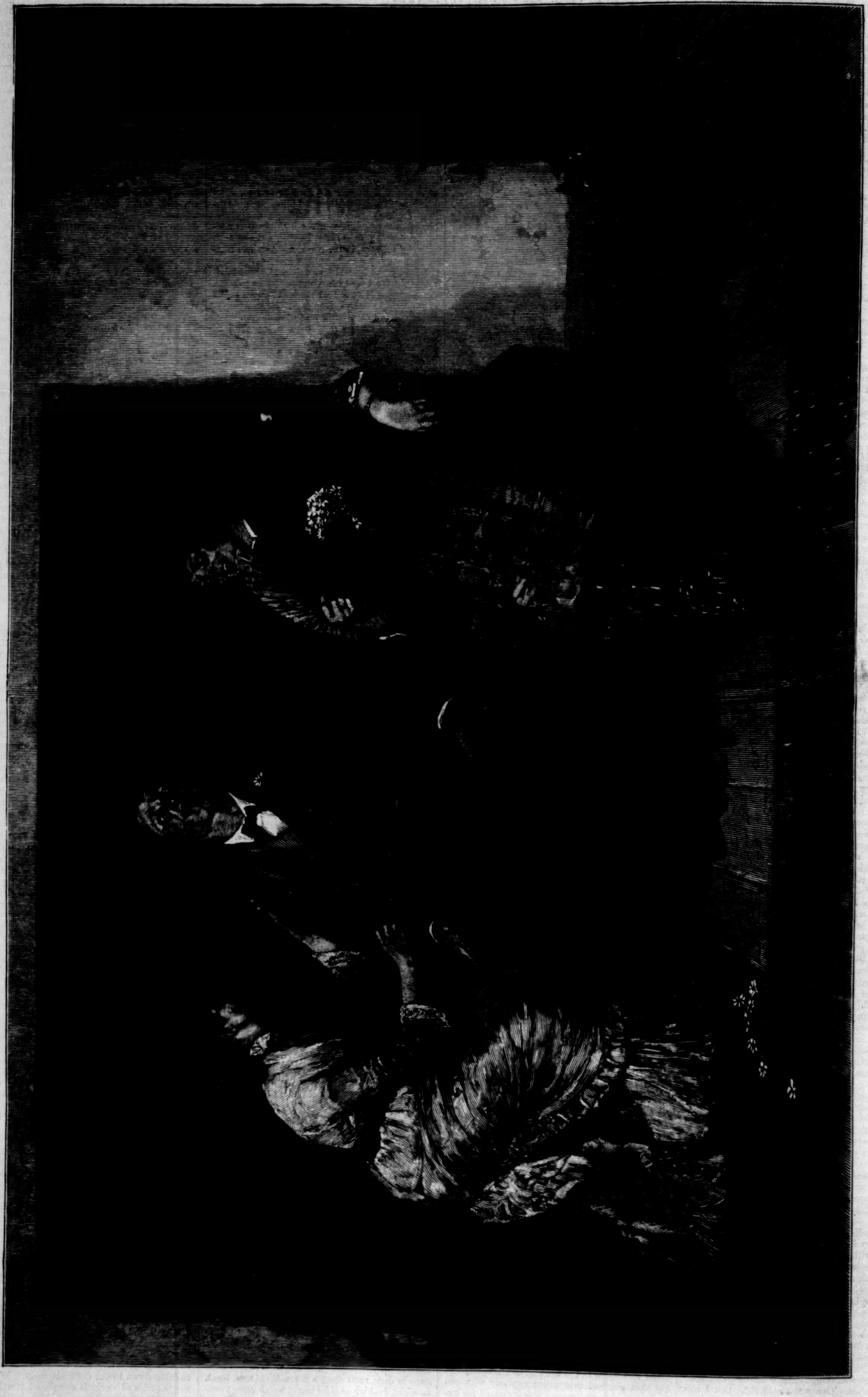
The whole area contains 275 acres devoted to terminal purposes, and 165 acres that can be used for building purposes; the water-front is 6790 yards in length, and when the whole work is completed the front and sides of the docks will give 5.74, say six miles, of working space. The main crib bulk-head, which forms the dividing line between the land and the water, is nearly completed, and on the water side piles are being driven. The round-house for the engines, the milk depot, the main depot, and the ferry buildings are finished. From the latter, boats will run to the foot of Forty-second Street and to some place down-town nearer the business part of the city. These works lie on the south of the terminus.

Next to them, proceeding northward, come the freight transfer slips, where loaded cars can be run on to scows, and towed across or down the river to their destination. Still proceeding northward, we come to the steam-ship docks, on which will be erected warehouses, and every convenience for the loading or unloading of even the largest ocean steamers. The local steamers, coasting vessels, and the lumber trade will occupy the piers next to these, while piers 8 and 9 will be provided with grain elevators; the pier for the first of these elevators is progressing rapidly.

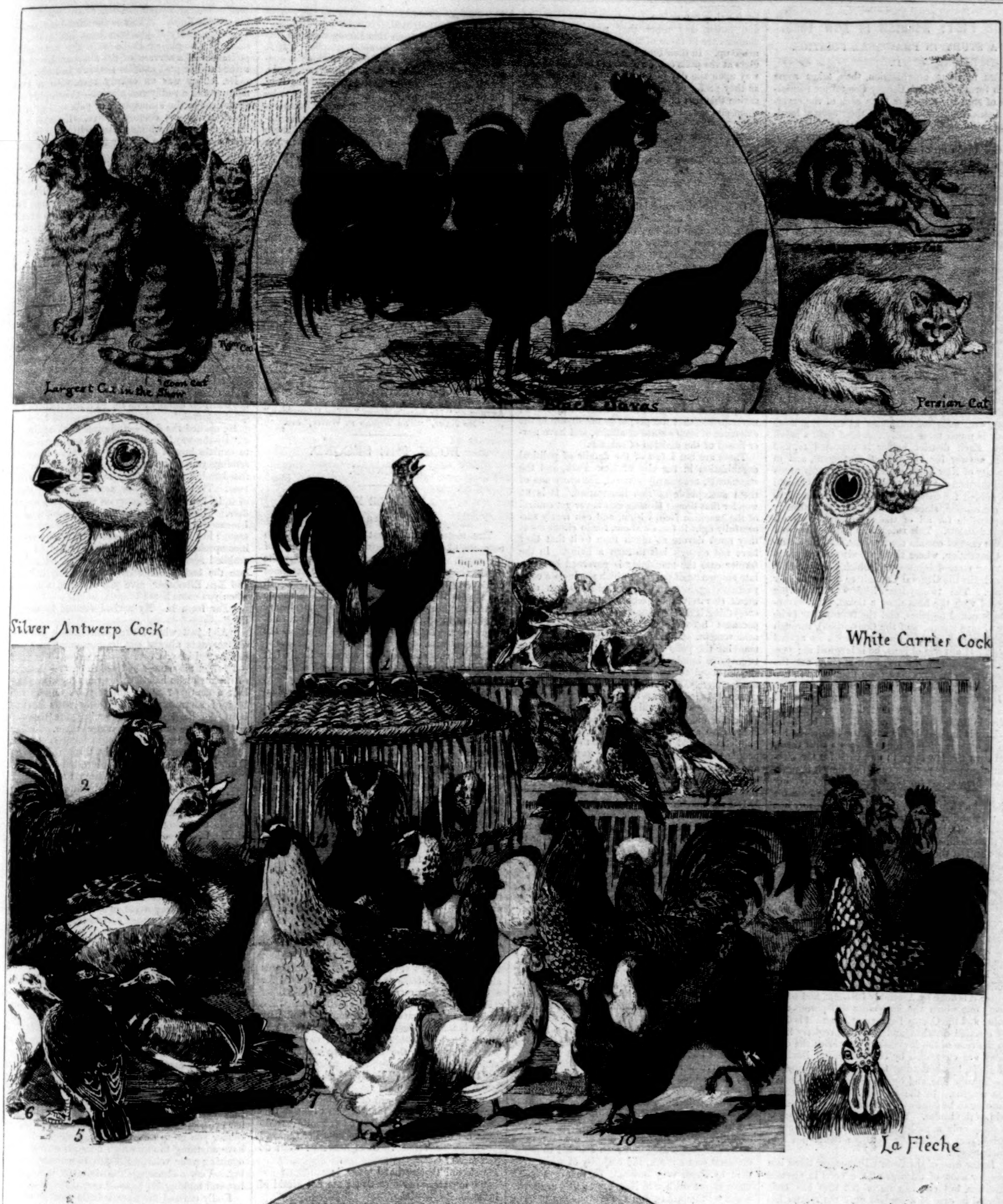
The most northern piers, Nos. 10 and 11, are to be given up to the coal trade, and beyond them will be placed capacious stock-yards, and an abattoir with all modern sanitary appliances. The coal dumps on piers 10 and 11 will be so high that the coal can be dumped direct from the cars to the vessel. The piers rest on stout piles, and the track is supported on wooden trestles.

In order to approach erections of this height in the narrow space between the bluff and the water, without interrupting other traffic, the engineer laid out a road-bed excavated on the side of the hill, and ascending northward from the mouth of the tunnel before it curved down and crossed the ordinary freight tracks by bridges.

The tunnel which penetrates the hills between the Hudson and the plains of Jersey is 3985 yards in length, and runs through solid trap-rock, and is constructed for two tracks. The cuts at either end leading to it measure 3300 feet. The tracks, on emerging, divide and form various branches running down to the different piers. When the whole series of works is completed, it will be one of the best arranged termini in the country.



"EMBARRASSMENT."—Engraved, by permission of Mr. Thomas B. Clarke, from the Painting by Mr. W. T. Smedley.—[See Page 63.]


Largest Cat in the Show
"Coon Cat"
Tiger Cat
Black Javas
Persian Cat
Silver Antwerp Cock
White Carrier Cock
2
6
5
7
10
La Flèche
Ablystoma
Telescope fish
Axolotl
Jas C Beard del.

1. Duck-winged Game-Cock. 2. Spanish Cock. 3. Egyptian Duck. 4. Mandarin Duck. 5. German Mallard Duck. 6. White Aylesbury Duck. 7. Light Brahma Cock. 8. White Bantam Hen. 9. White Bantam Cock. 10. Black Bantam Cock and Hen. 11. New-named Breed, Wyandottes. 12. Group of Pouters, Fan-tails, and Tumblers. 13. Crève-cœur Cock.

THE NEW YORK FANCIERS' CLUB SHOW, MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.—Drawn by J. C. Beard.—[See Page 59.]

THE PARTY MACHINE IN NEW YORK.

A STUDY IN PRACTICAL POLITICS.

II.

THE machine organization, then, takes some such form as this: A County Committee consisting of so many members from each of the several Assembly Districts, who in their several localities make up the Assembly District committees; an executive committee of the County Committee, made up of the leader of each Assembly District and a few of his most influential lieutenants and friends; a sub-committee of this executive committee, consisting of the Assembly District leaders, about twenty-four in number, who in their turn are governed by those who employ them for political service and pay them out of the public fund. The boss consults with the leaders, and does what they wish if it accords with his views; otherwise the leaders do what the boss wishes. Then they call the executive committee together in order that it may act spontaneously in the premises, which it generally does in such a way as to prove conclusively the unanimity of purpose in that body. The necessary resolutions are then passed for submission by way of report to the General Committee of the county, by whom they are uniformly carried, and express the single will of that body.

At first sight it would appear that a body of two thousand or more men could not be easily handled, and neither could it be if each one had individual views, but the politicians well know that, with such organizations as theirs, a large body is much more easily managed than a small one. Each district leader is expected to, and does, answer for his district contingent, and in the city of New York, consequently, it only needs that thirteen out of the twenty-four leaders should be agreed for these thirteen to carry committee or convention, since they are really and directly responsible for all of the representatives from their districts. This rule works particularly well in the case of certain conventions, like the County Convention, where there are always two thousand or more delegates, and which Convention is practically the General Committee under another name. The twenty-four leaders first having agreed with the boss upon a ticket, the Convention is called together, and the twenty-four (who are always members of the Convention), through their subordinates, confirm the work as agreed upon. If any one objects, he is laughed at; perhaps he is heard, but no harm is done, and the vote will stand anywhere from unanimity to two thousand against ten or a hundred.

By such a machine the politicians really control the city, for they know that the very laws conspire in their favor. The politicians begin by making it impossible for any man who earns his living outside of politics to keep up with them, and then the law steps in and calls for the election of so many persons each fall that it is practically impossible for the voter to learn anything about the candidates, or to wisely determine for whom he should vote, much less to put any one in nomination with the hope of election. He usually falls back upon his party nominee, and so the machine is justified and kept in power by the votes of the very people whom it has practically deprived of political liberty. In this way leaders who do not get appointive offices are elected to the Board of Aldermen, the Senate, the Assembly, or to a civil justiceship, as the case may be. Thus the vicious circle is completed.

The politicians and many of the newspapers alike say that the remedy is for the people to attend the primaries. Now of these latter there are three classes, the Republican, where the voting is done by Assembly Districts and from the polls of the district organization; the Tammany, where it is done by Assembly Districts, and where every one whom the inspectors will permit may vote; and the County Democracy, where it is done by election districts and from the registry lists. In the case of the Republican primaries the elections are controlled by committees on Revision of Rolls, by shortening the hours for voting, by loading the line, and by the inspectors who make the returns. In the case of Tammany there is nothing to be done except formally to register the will of the leader. What is called the primary is usually only a gathering of the clans to get a drink, and incidentally vote the ticket put into their hands.

In the case of the County Democracy there is a greater show of fairness at the polls in election districts, but one can never tell who has been elected in case of a contest until the matter has been submitted to a committee on contested seats, and then the overwhelming strength and startling regularity of the leader's friends are always demonstrated. A point of the utmost consequence is the determination of the place at which the primary is to be held, and the place being named by the district leader, the voting is usually done at that liquor store, cigar store, livery-stable, or other place where the contestant favored by the leader can best control the house, its exits and entrances, and can most easily and speedily gather his voters together. As a consequence, nothing is more eagerly fought for, where it is apparent that there is to be a closely contested primary, than the determination of the place for holding it.

But chief among all the benefits accruing to the party through such an organization is the control of the election booths and of the ballots. According to long-established custom, each party must have a ticket booth for each polling place in the city, attached to which booth there are three or more paid ticket peddlers, each of whom receives from five dollars upward for his day's work at the polls. All tickets, folded, bunched, and bagged, are originally distributed from head-quarters to the twenty-four Assembly District leaders, and they in their turn carry the distribution down into election districts. This enables them to control the situation so far as their localities are concerned, for they can unbunch any candidate they like, and bunch any other they wish, and all the chances are in favor of the bunch being voted as made up. In their turn, the election district peddlers at the polls can do the same thing in a small way upon the day of election, and cut and trade as they prefer or as they are directed. Upon occasion this sort of business is done by the bosses themselves, as in the Mayoral election of 1882, when the Republican machinists sent out from head-quarters the tickets of the Tammany candidate for Mayor in place of those of their own nominee. There are strong Democratic districts in the city where this ability to handle the tickets has been worth a year's income to the local leaders.

Of course the candidate whose tickets are not at the polls is not likely to win. Last, but not least, the office belongs to the party, and not to the man who is elected to it. One man receives a nomination for County Clerk, another for Sheriff, and another for Register, on condition that they shall share their salaries or profits with the bosses or such persons as they may designate, and in such a way that it will accrue to the greatest advantage of the party; for no party can afford to throw away a place like the registership, which is worth $50,000 a year and upward, on any individual whomsoever. The winner of the prize must consent beforehand to take care of his share of the men whose services and time the party requires. Outrageous as this may seem, nothing is more familiar or more uniformly calculated on by the political managers, who flatter themselves, nevertheless, that the people do not dream of the existence of such a state of affairs, and have never heard of the division of salaries.

These are but a few of the details of political organization in the city of New York, and the statements, necessarily general, are every one of them susceptible of rich illustration. It is no wonder that honest citizens can never get control of the machine from within, and can rarely successfully fight it from without, for in either event they must devote so much time to it that they have not enough left to earn a living. In the former case the machinery is governed by absolute singleness of purpose, which produces a compactness against which good citizens can only break themselves to pieces, while in the latter everything is done by honest discussion, and compactness becomes therefore very difficult of achievement. The single matter of properly manning the polls requires the action of at least twenty-five hundred picked and loyal men, who should stand at the booths from principle and not for money, and to be sure of such a body requires little less than a revolution in public feeling. These who do this work for their parties are either office-holders or paid peddlers, and in either case are only earning their livings. The politicians would not be difficult to beat if the people would organize for their own protection and from principle; but it is the matter of organization which is difficult, and no one understands this better than the bosses.

But the machines have other immense advantages. Not only does our army of policemen contribute to the election expenses of the several machines, but they have it within their power to become the mightiest of electioneering agents, and to compel great classes into voting as they wish. In this respect the District Attorney's office also has sometimes been a very powerful engine for wrong-doing. It has never been very difficult to tell how the liquor dealers, gamblers, dance-house keepers, and the drunken and disorderly generally would vote: like other people, they are very careful to look out for number one. The community thought that the law entitling them to watchers at the canvass of the vote after the close of the polls would secure them an honest count, but the Board of Police appoint the canvassers and poll clerks whom the machinists select, and the intelligent and ingenious policemen need never long want an excuse for ejecting the official watchers from the room, as more than one reputable but misguided man who has volunteered to serve as such can testify.

The machine suffices for all things, even for the support of a powerful newspaper organ. Nothing could excel the simplicity of the device by which a certain daily paper in this city was at a critical time kept alive as a distributor of news, as a defender of the bosses, and at the same time made self-supporting, and even enabled to pay a dividend on its stock, the majority of which was held by those very bosses. There are a good many liquor dealers in New York; they are numbered by thousands, and are all required to have licenses. These licenses are given by the Board of Excise. This board, being agreed on party policy, had only to demand of every liquor dealer the production of his receipt for one or more subscriptions to the daily organ before granting a license, and the circulation of the paper was assured, and in those very places, the liquor stores and political exchanges, where it would do most good. And this is no fanciful case, but matter of party history.

The machine finds but little difficulty in raising the necessary funds to defray its expenses. This is particularly the case with the majority machines, whose nominations are equivalent to elections. It can collect largely from actual office-holders, and can practically put up the offices at auction to the highest bidder, and impose such assessments as it sees fit. If the natural expenses of a campaign are heavy, so much the better for the machine, and so much the worse for the people. The machine can raise the money; the advocates of an independent and honest movement can not. And yet in the long-run the people pay these expenses. They are unwilling to contribute to secure good government, but in effect they contribute to perpetuate the bad, for those who pay the assessments to run the machine take it from the people by way of large salaries or steal it outright, and eventually it all comes into the tax budget. But the average rate-payer is politically torpid, or timid and short-sighted.

It will be seen from this survey that the machine is built up on the spoils of place. It is maintained by the public Treasury, which it contrives to fill by unjust extortions upon the people, and it can be overthrown only by depriving it of the plunder upon which it thrives. This is to be done by the honest enforcement and gradual extension of the reformed system of filling the minor places. At present the emoluments of those places are the wages of personal service to the bosses. But deprive the bosses of the power of paying those wages to their henchmen, and the whole organization that has been described is overthrown.

This is the object of the scheme which has been lately adopted by the Mayor under the State reform bill, and, as we have said, just in the degree that it is honestly enforced and extended, the government of the city will cease to be a vast system of robbery, and the machine which perverts parties and crushes patriotism and principle and character out of our politics will disappear.

"I SAY NO:"*

OR,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "MY LADY'S MONEY," "THE MOONSTONE," "NO NAME," "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," ETC.

BOOK THE SECOND.

IN LONDON.

CHAPTER XII.

MRS. ELLMOTHER.

THE metropolis of Great Britain is, in certain respects, like no other metropolis on the face of the earth. In the population that throngs the streets the extremes of Wealth and the extremes of Poverty meet as they meet nowhere else. In the streets themselves the glory and the shame of architecture—the mansion and the hovel—are neighbors in situation as they are neighbors nowhere else. London, in its social aspect, is the city of contrasts.

Toward the close of the evening Emily left the railway terminus for the place of residence in which loss of fortune had compelled her aunt to take refuge. As she approached her destination, the cab passed—by merely crossing a road—from a spacious and beautiful park, with its surrounding houses topped by statues and cupolas, to a row of cottages hard by a stinking ditch miscalled a canal. The city of contrasts: north and south, east and west, the city of social contrasts.

Emily stopped the cab before the garden gate of a cottage at the further end of the row. The bell was answered by the one servant now in her aunt's employment—Miss Letitia's maid.

Personally this good creature was one of the ill-fated women whose appearance suggests that nature intended to make men of them, and altered her mind at the last moment. Miss Letitia's maid was tall and gaunt and awkward. The first impression produced by her face was an impression of bones. They rose high on her forehead, they projected on her cheeks, and they reached their boldest development in her jaws. In the cavernous eyes of this unfortunate person rigid obstinacy and rigid goodness looked out together, with equal severity, on all her fellow-creatures alike. Her mistress (whom she had served for a quarter of a century and more) called her "Bony." She accepted this cruelly appropriate nickname as a mark of affectionate familiarity which honored a servant. No other person was allowed to take liberties with her: to every one but her mistress she was known as Mrs. Ellmother.

"How is my aunt?" Emily asked.

"Bad."

"Why have I not heard of her illness before?"

"Because she's too fond of you to let you be distressed about her. 'Don't tell Emily;' those were her orders as long as she kept her senses."

"Kept her senses! Good heavens! what do you mean?"

"Fever; that's what I mean."

"I must see her directly; I am not afraid of infection."

"There's no infection to be afraid of. But you mustn't see her, for all that."

"I insist on seeing her."

"Miss Emily, I am disappointing you for your own good. Don't you know me well enough to trust me by this time?"

"I do trust you."

"Then leave my mistress to me, and go and make yourself comfortable in your own room."

Emily's answer was a positive refusal. Mrs. Ellmother, driven to her last resource, raised a new obstacle.

"It's not to be done, I tell you. How can you see Miss Letitia when she can't bear the light in her room? Do you know what color her eyes are? Red, poor soul—red as a boiled lobster."

With every word the woman uttered, Emily's perplexity and distress increased. "You told me my aunt's illness was fever," she said, "and now you speak of some complaint in her eyes. Stand out of the way, if you please, and let me go to her."

Mrs. Ellmother, impenetrably superintending the removal of the luggage and the dismissal of the cab, looked out at the door. "Here's the doctor," she announced. "It seems I can't satisfy you; ask him what's the matter. Come in, doctor." She threw open the door of the parlor, and introduced Emily. "This is the mistress's niece, sir. Please try if *you* can keep her quiet. I can't." She placed chairs with the hospitable politeness of a servant of the old school, and returned to her post at Miss Letitia's bedside.

Dr. Allday was an elderly man, with a cool manner and a ruddy complexion—thoroughly acclimatized to the atmosphere of pain and grief in which it was his destiny to live. He spoke to Emily (without any undue familiarity) as if he had been accustomed to see her for the greater part of her life.

"That's a curious woman," he said, when Mrs. Ellmother closed the door; "the most headstrong person, I think, I ever met with. But devoted to her mistress, and, making allowance for her awkwardness, not a bad nurse. I am afraid I can't give you an encouraging report of your aunt. The rheumatic fever (aggravated by the situation of this house—built on clay, you know, and close to stagnant water) has been latterly complicated by delirium."

"Is that a bad sign, sir?"

"The worst possible sign; it shows that the disease has affected the heart. Yes; she is suffering from inflammation of the eyes, but that is an unimportant symptom. We can keep the pain under by means of cooling lotions and a dark room. I've often heard her speak of you—especially since the illness assumed a serious character. What did you say? Will she know you when you go into her room? This is about the time when the delirium usually sets in. I'll see if there's a quiet interval."

He opened the door—and came back again.

"By-the-way," he resumed, "I ought, perhaps, to explain how it was that I took the liberty of sending you that telegram. Mrs. Ellmother refused to inform you of her mistress's serious illness. That circumstance, according to my view of it, laid the responsibility on the doctor's shoulders. The form taken by your aunt's delirium—I mean the apparent tendency of the words that escape her in that state—seems to excite some incomprehensible feeling in the mind of her crabbed servant. She wouldn't even let me go into the bedroom if she could possibly help it. Did Mrs. Ellmother give you a warm welcome when you came here?"

"Far from it. My arrival seemed to annoy her."

"Ah! just what I expected. These faithful old servants always end by presuming on their fidelity. Did you ever hear what a witty poet—I forget his name: he lived to be ninety—said of the man who had been his valet for more than half a century? 'For thirty years he was the best of servants; and for thirty years he has been the hardest of masters.' Quite true—I might say the same of my housekeeper. Rather a good story, isn't it?"

The story was completely thrown away on Emily: but one subject interested her now. "My poor aunt has always been fond of me," she said. "Perhaps she might know me when she recognizes nobody else."

"Not very likely," the doctor answered. "But there's no laying down any rule in cases of this kind. I have sometimes observed that circumstances which have produced a strong impression on patients when they are in a state of health give a certain direction to the wandering of their minds when they are in a state of fever. You will say, 'I am not a circumstance; I don't see how this encourages me to hope'—and you will be quite right. Instead of talking of my medical experience, I shall do better to look at Miss Letitia, and let you know the result. You have got other relations, I suppose? No? Very distressing—very distressing."

Who has not suffered as Emily suffered when she was left alone? Are there not moments—if we dare to confess the truth—when poor humanity loses its hold on the consolations of religion and the hope of immortality, and feels the cruelty of creation that bids us live, on the condition that we die, and leads the first warm beginnings of love, with merciless certainty, to the cold conclusion of the grave?

"She's quiet, for the time being," Dr. Allday announced, on his return. "Remember, please, that she can't see you in the inflamed state of her eyes, and don't disturb the bed-curtains. The sooner you go to her the better, perhaps—if you have anything to say which depends on her recognizing your voice. I'll call to-morrow morning. Very distressing," he repeated, taking his hat and making his bow—"very distressing."

Emily crossed the narrow little passage which separated the two rooms, and opened the bedchamber door. Mrs. Ellmother met her on the threshold. "No," said the obstinate old servant, "you can't come in."

The faint voice of Miss Letitia made itself heard, calling Mrs. Ellmother by her familiar nickname.

"Bony, who is it?"

"Never mind."

"Who is it?"

"Miss Emily—if you must know."

"Oh! poor dear, why does she come here? Who told her I was ill?"

"The doctor told her."

"Don't come in, Emily. It will only distress you, and it will do me no good. God bless you, my love! Don't come in."

"There!" said Mrs. Ellmother. "Do you hear that? Go back to the sitting-room."

Thus far, the hard necessity of controlling herself had kept Emily silent. She was now able to speak without tears. "Remember the old times, aunt," she pleaded, gently. "Don't keep me out of your room, when I have come here to nurse you!"

"I'm her nurse. Go back to the sitting-room," Mrs. Ellmother repeated.

True love lasts while life lasts. The dying woman relented.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1409.

"Bony! Bony! I can't be unkind to Emily. Let her in."

Mrs. Ellmother still insisted on having her way. "You're contradicting your own orders," she said to her mistress. "You don't know how soon you may begin wandering in your mind again. Think, Miss Letitia—think."

This remonstrance produced no impression; it was received in silence. Mrs. Ellmother's great gaunt figure still blocked up the doorway.

"If you force me to it," Emily said, quietly, "I must go to the doctor and ask him to interfere."

"Do you mean that?" Mrs. Ellmother said, quietly, on her side.

"I do mean it," was the answer.

The old servant suddenly submitted, with a look which took Emily by surprise. She had expected to see anger: the face that now confronted her was a face subdued by sorrow and fear.

"I wash my hands of it," Mrs. Ellmother said. "Go in—and take the consequences."

CHAPTER XIII.

MISS LETITIA.

Emily entered the room. The door was immediately closed on her from the outer side. Mrs. Ellmother's heavy steps were heard retreating along the passage. Then the banging of the door that led into the kitchen shook the flimsily built cottage. Then there was silence.

The dim light of a lamp, hidden away in a corner, and screened by a dingy green shade, just revealed the closely curtained bed, and the table near it bearing medicine bottles and glasses. The only objects on the chimney-piece were a clock that had been stopped in mercy to the sufferer's irritable nerves, and an open case containing a machine for pouring drops into the eyes. The smell of fumigating pastilles hung heavily on the air. To Emily's excited imagination the silence was like the silence of death. She approached the bed trembling. "Won't you speak to me, aunt?"

"Is that you, Emily? Who let you come in?"

"You said I might come in, dear. Are you thirsty? I see some lemonade on the table. Shall I give it to you?"

"No. If you open the bed-curtains, you let in the light. My poor eyes! Why are you here, my dear? Why are you not at the school?"

"It's holiday-time, aunt. Besides, I have left school for good."

"Left school? My niece has left school?" Miss Letitia's memory made an effort as she repeated those words. "Yes, yes; you asked to go to school when your father died. You always had a governess in your father's time. Did you dislike the governess?"

"No, dear. I only asked to go to school because I hoped the change would help me to bear our dreadful loss. It did help me. I made a kind friend at school—Cecilia Wyvil. Don't you remember Cecilia?"

She did remember. The name made its faint impression on her mind.

"You were going somewhere when you left school," she said, "and Cecilia had something to do with it. Oh, my love, how cruel of you to go away to a stranger, when you might live here with me!" She paused; her sense of what she had herself just said began to grow confused. "What stranger?" she asked, abruptly. "Was it a man? What name? The name's gone—lost. Oh, my mind! Has death got hold of my mind before my body?"

"Hush! hush! I'll tell you the name, aunt. Sir Jervis Redwood."

"I don't know him. I don't want to know him. Do you think he means to send for you? Perhaps he *has* sent for you. I won't allow it. You sha'n't go."

"Don't excite yourself, dear. I have refused to go; I mean to stay here with you."

The fevered brain held to its last idea. "*Has* he sent for you?" she said again, louder than before.

Emily replied once more, in terms carefully chosen with the one purpose of pacifying her. The attempt proved to be useless, and worse—it seemed to make her suspicious. "I won't be deceived!" she said; "I mean to know all about it. He did send for you. Whom did he send?"

"His housekeeper."

"What name?" The tone in which she put the question told of excitement that was rising to its climax. "Don't you know that I'm curious about names?" she burst out. "Why do you provoke me? Who is it?"

"Nobody you know, or need care about, dear aunt. Mrs. Rook."

Instantly on the utterance of that name there followed an unexpected result. Silence ensued.

Emily waited — hesitated — advanced to part the curtains and look in at her aunt. She was stopped by a dreadful sound of laughter — the cheerless laughter that is heard among the mad. It suddenly ended in a dreary sigh.

Afraid to look in, she spoke, hardly knowing what she said. "Is there anything you wish for? Shall I call—"

Miss Letitia's voice interrupted her. Dull, low, rapidly muttering, it was unlike, shockingly unlike, the familiar voice of her aunt. It said strange words.

"Mrs. Rook? What does Mrs. Rook matter? Or her husband either? Bony, Bony, you're frightened about nothing. Where's the danger of those two people turning up? Do you know how many miles away the village is? Oh, you fool—a hundred miles and more. Never mind the coroner: the coroner must keep in his own district, and the jury too. A risky deception? I call it a pious fraud. And I have a tender conscience and a cultivated mind. The newspapers? What do I care if she does see the newspapers! She mighn't read it—and, if she did read it, she wouldn't have a suspicion of the truth. You poor old Bony! Upon my word you do me good—you make me laugh."

The cheerless laughter broke out again, and died away again drearily in a sigh.

Accustomed to decide rapidly in the ordinary emergencies of her life, Emily felt herself painfully embarrassed by the position in which she was now placed.

After what she had already heard, could she reconcile it to her sense of duty to her aunt to remain any longer in the room?

In the helpless self-betrayal of delirium Miss Letitia had revealed some act of concealment committed in her past life, and confided to her faithful old servant. Under these circumstances, had Emily made any discoveries which convicted her of taking a base advantage of her position at the bedside? Most assuredly not! The nature of the act of concealment; the causes that had led to it; the person (or persons) affected by it—these were mysteries which left her entirely in the dark. She had found out that her aunt was acquainted with Mrs. Rook, and that was literally all she knew.

Blameless, so far, in the line of conduct that she had pursued, might she still remain in the bed-chamber — on this distinct understanding with herself: that she would instantly return to the sitting-room if she heard anything which could suggest a doubt of Miss Letitia's claim to her affection and respect? After some hesitation as to the means of arriving at the right answer to this question, she consulted her conscience. Does conscience ever say No when inclination says Yes? Emily's conscience sided with her reluctance to leave her aunt.

Throughout the time occupied by these reflections the silence had remained unbroken. Emily began to feel uneasy. She timidly put her hand through the curtains and took Miss Letitia's hand. The contact with the burning skin startled her. She turned away to the door to call to the servant, when the sound of her aunt's voice hurried her back to the bed.

"Are you there, Bony?" the voice asked.

Was her mind getting clear again? Emily tried the experiment of making a plain reply. "Your niece is with you," she said. "Shall I call the servant?"

Miss Letitia's mind was still far away from Emily, and from the present time.

"The servant?" she repeated. "All the servants but you, Bony, have been sent away. London's the place for us. No gossiping servants and no curious neighbors in London. Bury the horrid truth in London. Ah, you may well say I look anxious and wretched. I hate deception—and yet it must be done. Why don't you help me? Why don't you find out where that vile woman lives? Only let me get at her, and I'll make Sara ashamed of herself."

Emily's heart beat fast when she heard the woman's name. "Sara" (as she and her schoolfellows knew) was the baptismal name of Miss Jethro. Had her aunt alluded to the disgraced teacher, or to some other woman?

She waited eagerly to hear more. There was nothing to be heard. At this most interesting moment the silence remained undisturbed.

In the fervor of her anxiety to set her doubts at rest, Emily's faith in her good resolutions began to waver. The temptation to say something which might set her aunt talking again was too strong to be resisted—if she remained at the bedside. Despairing of herself, she rose and turned to the door. In the moment that passed while she crossed the room, the very words occurred to her that would suit her purpose. Her cheeks were hot with shame—she hesitated—she looked back at the bed. The words passed her lips.

"Sara is only one of the woman's names," she said. "Do you like her other name?"

The rapidly muttering tones broke out instantly, but not in answer to Emily. The sound of a voice had encouraged Miss Letitia to pursue her own confused train of thought, and had stimulated the fast-failing capacity of speech to exert itself once more.

"No! no! He's too cunning for you, and too cunning for me. He doesn't leave letters about; he destroys them all. Did I say he was too cunning for us? It's false. We are too cunning for him. Who found the morsels of his letter in the basket? Who stuck them together? Ah, *we* know! Don't read it, Bony. 'Dear Miss Jethro'—don't read it again. 'Miss Jethro' in his letter, and 'Sara' when he talks to himself in the garden. Oh, who would have believed it of him if we hadn't seen it and heard it ourselves!"

There was no more doubt now.

But who was the man so bitterly and so regretfully alluded to?

No; this time Emily held firmly by the resolution which bound her to respect the helpless position of her aunt. The speediest way of summoning Mrs. Ellmother would be to ring the bell. As she touched the handle a faint cry of suffering from the bed called her back.

"Oh, so thirsty!" murmured the failing voice—"so thirsty!"

She parted the curtains. The shrouded lamplight just showed her the green shade over Miss Letitia's eyes; the hollow cheeks below it; the arms laid helplessly on the bedclothes. "Oh, aunt, don't you know my voice? Don't you know Emily? Let me kiss you, dear." Useless to plead with her; useless to kiss her; she only reiterated the words, "So thirsty! so thirsty!" Emily raised the poor tortured body with a patient caution which spared it pain, and put the glass to her aunt's lips. She drank the lemonade to the last drop. Refreshed for the moment, she spoke again—spoke to the visionary servant of her delirious fancy, while she rested in Emily's arms.

"For God's sake, take care how you answer if she questions you! If *she* knew what *we* know! Are men ever ashamed? Ha, the vile woman! the vile woman!"

Her voice, sinking gradually, dropped to a whisper. The next few words that escaped her were muttered inarticulately. Little by little the false energy of fever was wearing itself out. She lay silent and still. To look at her now was to look at the image of death. Once more Emily kissed her, closed the curtains, and rang the bell.

Mrs. Ellmother failed to appear. Emily left the room to call to her.

Arrived at the top of the kitchen stairs, she noticed a slight change. The door below, which she had heard banged on first entering her aunt's room, now stood open. She called to Mrs. Ellmother.

A strange voice answered her. Its accent was soft and courteous, presenting the strongest imaginable contrast to the harsh tones of Miss Letitia's crabbed old maid.

"Is there anything I can do for you, miss?"

The person making this polite inquiry appeared at the foot of the stairs—a plump and comely woman of middle age. She looked up at the young lady with a pleasant smile.

"I beg your pardon," Emily said; "I had no intention of disturbing you. I called to Mrs. Ellmother."

The stranger advanced a little way up the stairs, and answered, "Mrs. Ellmother is not here."

"Do you expect her back soon?"

"Excuse me, miss—I don't expect her back at all."

"Do you mean to say that she has left the house?"

"Yes, miss. She has left the house."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A LOOKER-ON.

Yes, 'tis a merry sight, these happy girls,
Their frank eyes sparkling underneath their curls,
Moving with lightsome steps as gracefully
As sunny waves upon a summer sea,
And giving many a smile and witching glance
To those blest swains who lead them in the dance.

And yet it makes me sad—it does in truth;
I seem to see the shadow of my youth
Dancing among them, gayest of the gay—
The youth, alas! forever fled away—
The youth that I, grown old in grief and years,
Sit here to-night and mourn with unshed tears.

For though we women strive ourselves to cheat
Into believing autumn blooms are sweet,
Too well we know the loveliest of them
Have but the scentless beauty of a gem;
And, sooth, we'd give them all without regret
To pluck one fragrant, spring-born violet.

Margaret Eytinge.

THE CLARKE COLLECTION OF AMERICAN PICTURES.

One of the most notable exhibitions of pictures by American artists closed last week at the Twenty-third Street Art Gallery. It was the private collection of Mr. Clarke, a gentleman of this city, whose devotion to the cause of American art has led to the establishment of the Clarke annual prize of $300 at the National Academy, and to the acquisition by himself of a most interesting and valuable gathering of the best works of our native artists.

Through the joint courtesy of Mr. Clarke and of the artist Mr. W. T. Smedley we present an engraving of a very charming little canvas by the latter, entitled "Embarrassment." Mr. Smedley is one of the most promising of the younger artists whose originality, strength, and vigorous individuality of work have commended them to the interested attention of the public. The picture in question is an admirable example of the general style and character of his art, which allies itself readily and pleasantly with a certain delicate and distinctive humor. Mr. Smedley is a successful and industrious artist, and the spring exhibitions will contain important examples of his works.

BASE-BALL ON SKATES.

The national game of America is so thoroughly national that, wherever a few Americans are gathered together, a game of base-ball may be confidently looked for, even under conditions which may at first sight be considered inimical or even fatal to its enjoyment. Englishmen, as is well known, delight to play cricket on the burning sands of Egypt, or whatever tropical country their army of occupation may be in temporary possession of; and when the records of the neglected American station in the arctic regions are brought to light it will doubtless appear that both the midnight sun and the darkened noon witnessed base-ball contests which nothing but the paucity of appreciative spectators prevented from being a complete success.

Some idea of a base-ball match in hyperborean latitudes might have been formed by persons who witnessed the recent match played on the frozen surface of the rink at Washington Park, Brooklyn. "Billy" Barnie, a well-known player, recently of the Baltimore Club, but now of Brooklyn, matched his professional team against an amateur nine selected by Mr. Henry Chadwick, a gentleman who, though now somewhat beyond the youthful suppleness of limb which active participation in the sport requires, has long been known as an advocate and ardent supporter of all manly out-door games, and of base-ball before all others. Mr. Chadwick's team was chosen mainly from the Adelphi and Polytechnic Institutes of Brooklyn, and its comparative success does credit to his judgment; for though the amateur team was thoroughly beaten in the last match, it had won the previous one, and the result of the "rubber" is still in doubt.

Base-ball on ice is not exactly the same as base-ball on grass. Certain modifications in the rules have been found desirable, and have been adopted: for instance, every ball pitched in a reasonably fair position is a strike, and the striker is allowed to overrun every base, provided he turns to the right instead of to the left, as he would most readily turn. Moreover, pitching only is allowed, and not throwing. It may well be imagined that under these restricted rules the game loses somewhat of its scientific character; but what it thus loses in science it gains in grotesqueness. Where a grand hit would have elicited applause, perchance a sudden subsidence in the act of hitting may have evoked audible signs of merriment, and the insecurity of steel-shod feet is a fertile source of such balked ambition, and consequent amusement to the on-lookers. And it is safe to let loose one's laughter on such an occasion, for even the most enthusiastic of professionals—even he whose daily bread depends upon the game—feels that he is in a position in which he can trifle with the game because of the abnormal conditions under which it is being played. The spectators who gather around the field of ice are entertained; and if the game is, after all, but a travesty of its proper self, at least it proves its exuberant vitality in that it can flourish when other sports, less hardy and less ingrained in the national character, are "frozen out."

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

An English trooper and his sweetheart were travelling in a railway carriage. She dropped her glove on the floor, and asked him to pick it up. He turned a trifle pale, but bravely endeavored to recover the glove. By powerful muscular exertion he bent through thirty degrees of space, when he evinced symptoms of apoplexy, and recovered his erect posture with a snap. It was because, in accordance with a regulation, he was so fearfully braced up. If it had been his soul that had fallen, he could not have recovered it. A gentleman who was travelling in the same compartment wrote to the *Pall Mall Gazette* about the matter, advancing the opinion that her Majesty's troopers ought to be dressed in a way to permit them to demonstrate the possession of joints.

Two persons from Massachusetts and two from New Hampshire are just now on their way to Florida in buggies. Mr. Cotton and his son, of New Hampshire, are making the journey for recreation and health. They got caught in a swollen creek in South Carolina the other day, and lost horse, buggy, two trunks, and a valise, but they obtained a new rig, and are again going ahead. Mr. Moore and his daughter, from Massachusetts, are going to Florida to settle. He carries his farming implements and fishing-nets with him. He has had frequent recourse to the latter to provide himself and his daughter with food. His daughter is eight years old. The pair started last June. Since leaving Maryland they have been forced to depend upon charity somewhat. They were in Charleston, South Carolina, a few days ago, where a purse was made up for them, by which they will be enabled to reach Florida without more trouble.

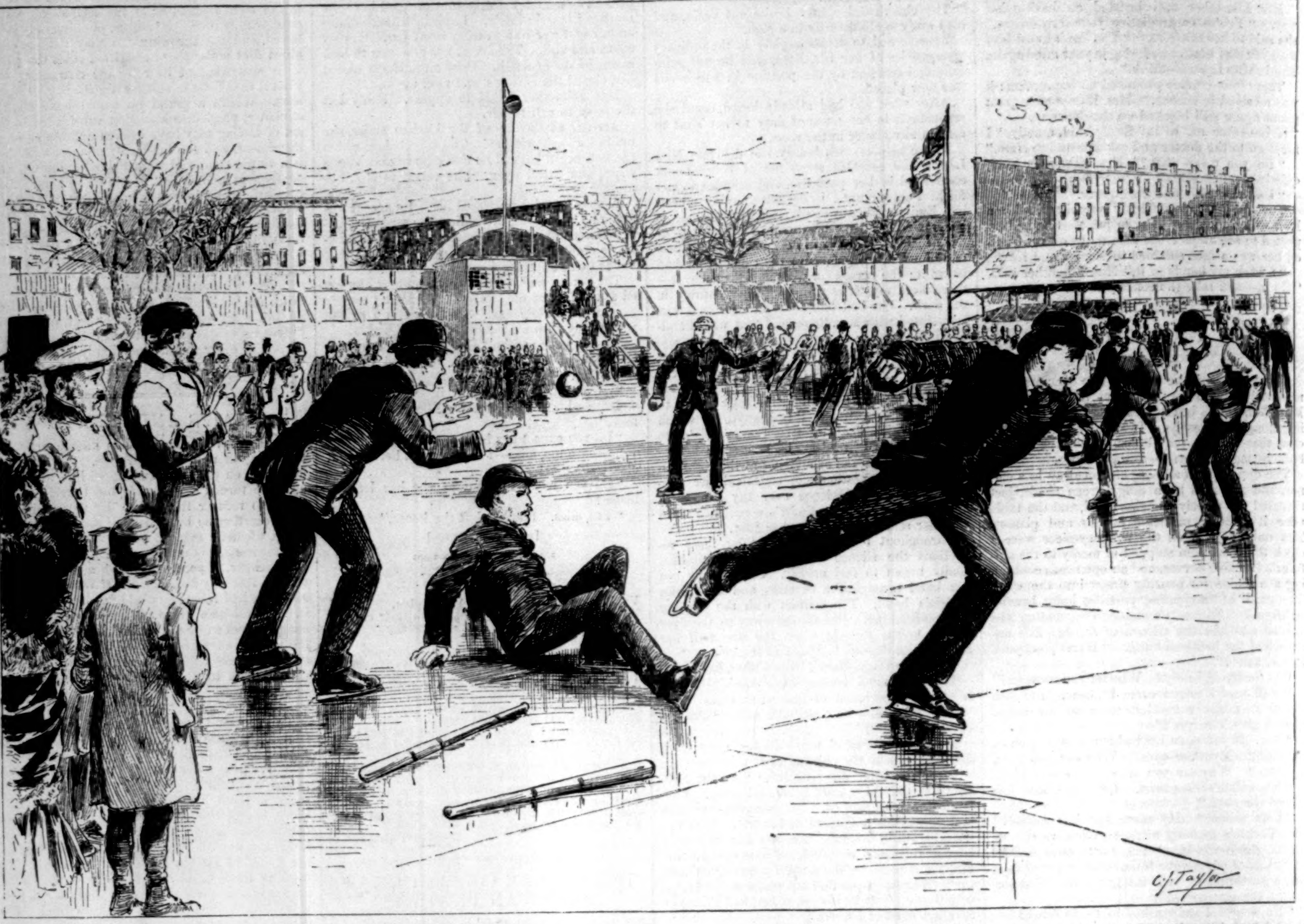
It is estimated that 55,000 reproductions of the Venus of Milo are sold in Europe every year, and the London *Figaro* says that its photographs constantly have a greater sale than those of the most popular living beauties.

A train on the Union Pacific Railroad in Nevada recently ran into a flock of 1500 antelopes. The snow had drifted deep, and the animals had taken to the track as the easiest road to travel in. Several were killed, and the engineer slowed up, fearing the train would be derailed. The antelopes were strung along a quarter of a mile. They delayed the train three-quarters of an hour.

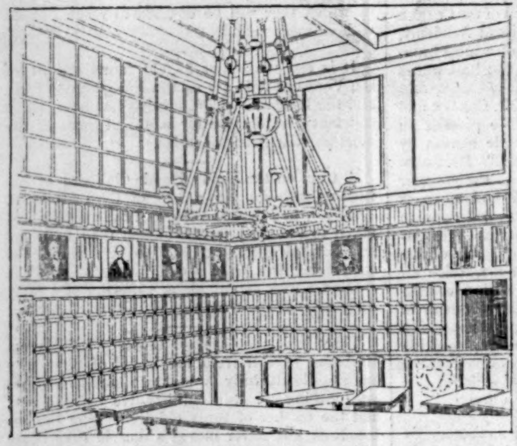
There is in the Glasgow Western Infirmary a Highland woman from the island of Skye who has slept healthfully for eighteen months without once waking up. She is thirty-five years of age, and the mother of three children. She lies on her back, and never moves a muscle save those which are exercised in the act of breathing. Her pulse is eighty, her breathing fair, and she gets food three times a day by means of the stomach-pump apparatus. It is believed that she will recover, and that the worst results of her long sleep will be those arising from her unavoidable neglect of her household duties. It is curious to think what would have been the vexation of Napoleon, who prided himself on his ability to regulate and curtail sleep, if, without warning and in the midst of a campaign, he had been afflicted with a malady like this.

San Francisco post-office clerks complain that Chinamen who call for letters will not accept and pay for all those which are addressed to them, and on which the postage is invariably short. They study the superscriptions of the letters, and select such as they please. They seem always to be satisfied with their choice, and to be plagued with no doubts of the wisdom of their rejections.

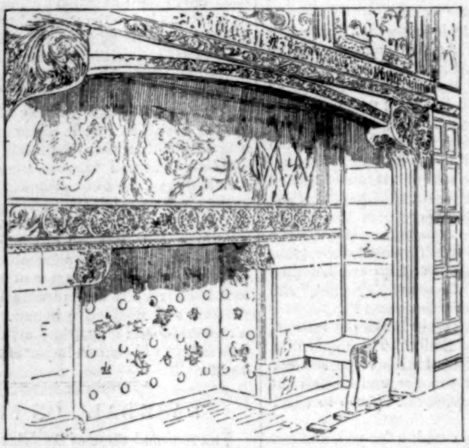
Two miners report finding a series of foot-prints in Grand Cañon, Arizona. The prints are in the basin of the cañon, which was a sand-bed thousands of years ago, but which is now solid rock. In form they are such as would be made by a bare human foot, but each one, the miners say, is twenty-six inches long and twelve inches wide, and the depth of the imprint at the ball of the foot is six inches. Say that a twelve-inch foot goes to a six-foot man, which is the draughtsman's rule, the man who made these imprints must have been thirteen feet in height. The imprints are evenly eighteen feet apart, which would indicate that he was fairly bounding along. The miners will return and cut out the stone in which these foot-prints are contained, and will exhibit them to public gaze.



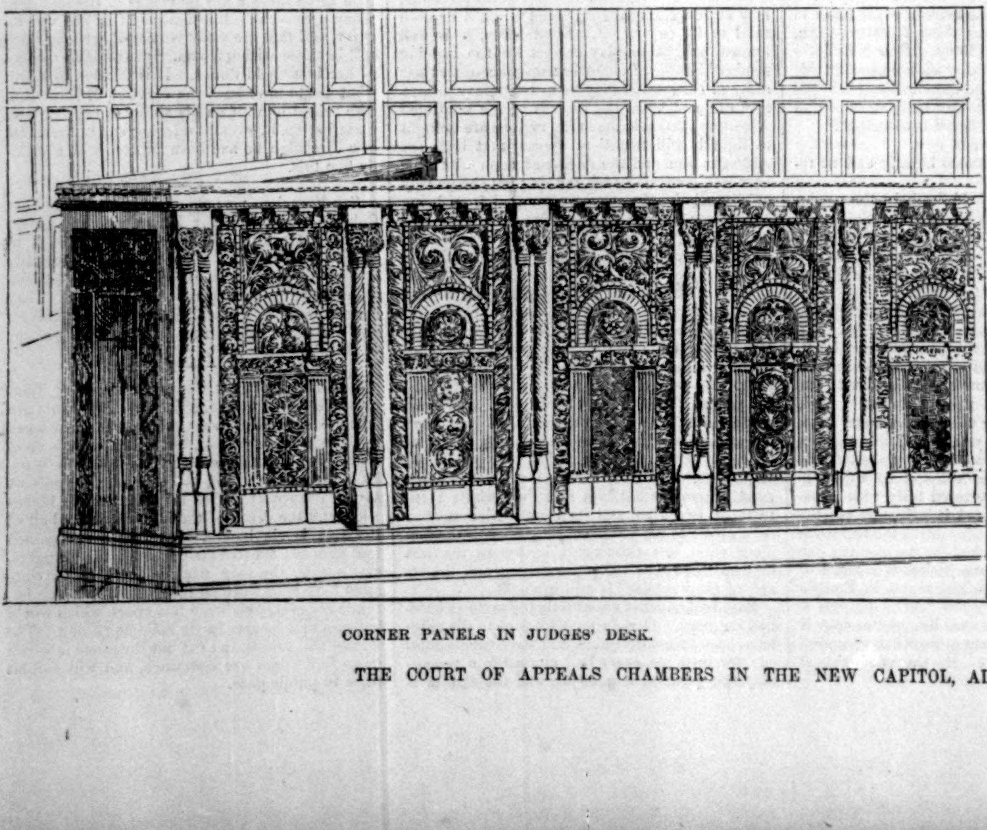
BASE-BALL ON SKATES, WASHINGTON PARK, BROOKLYN.—Drawn by C. J. Taylor.—[See Page 63.]



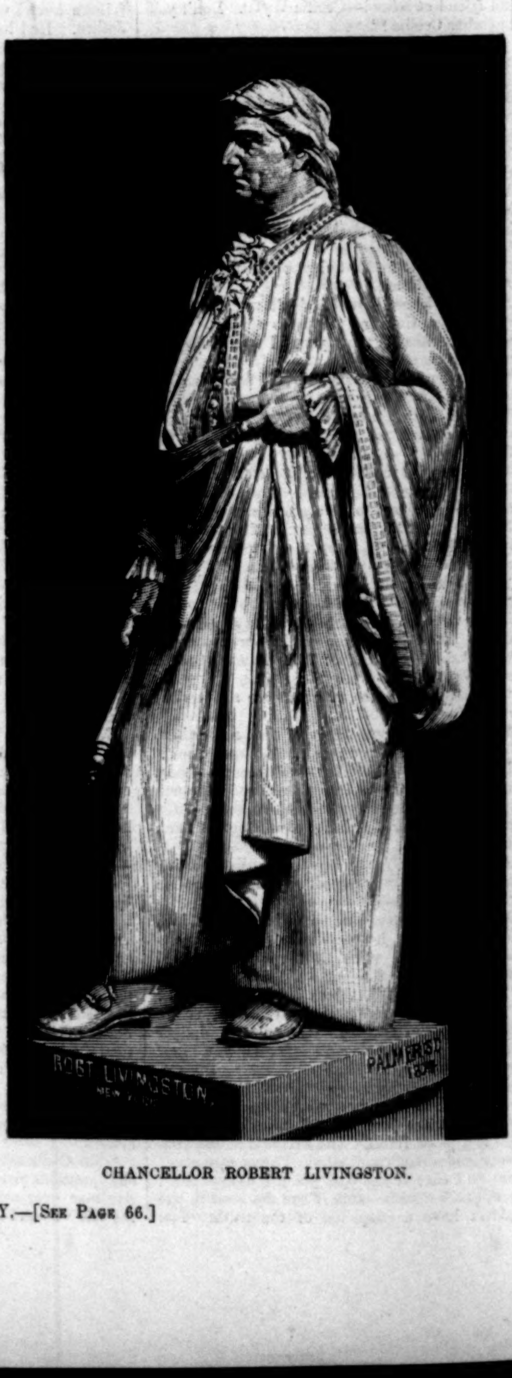
GENERAL VIEW, COURT OF APPEALS CHAMBER.



FIRE-PLACE.

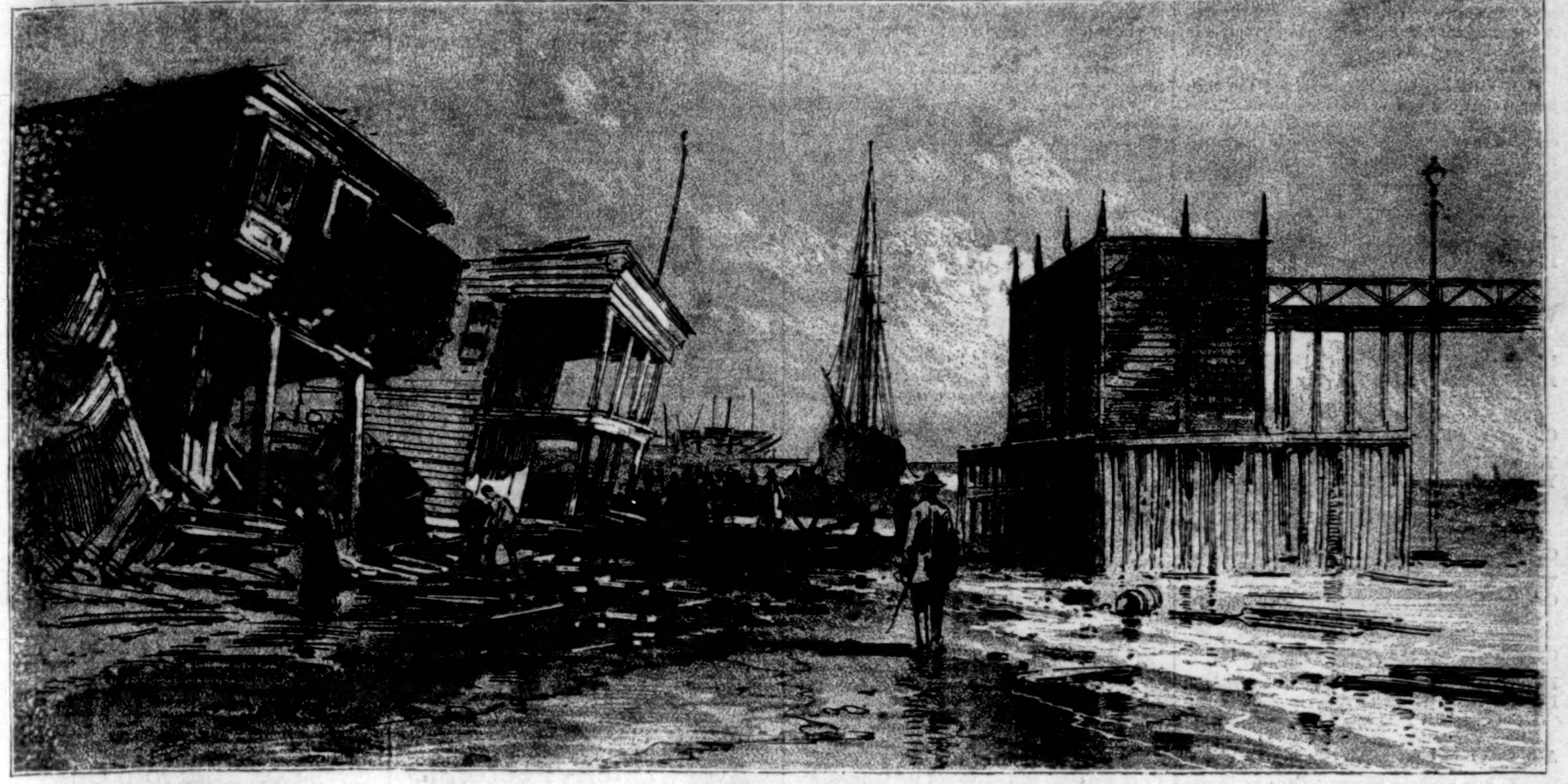


CORNER PANELS IN JUDGES' DESK.


ROBT LIVINGSTON,
NEW YORK
PALMER SC.

CHANCELLOR ROBERT LIVINGSTON.

THE COURT OF APPEALS CHAMBERS IN THE NEW CAPITOL, ALBANY.—[See Page 66.]



DESTRUCTION OF PAVILIONS AND BATHING-HOUSES AT ATLANTIC CITY.

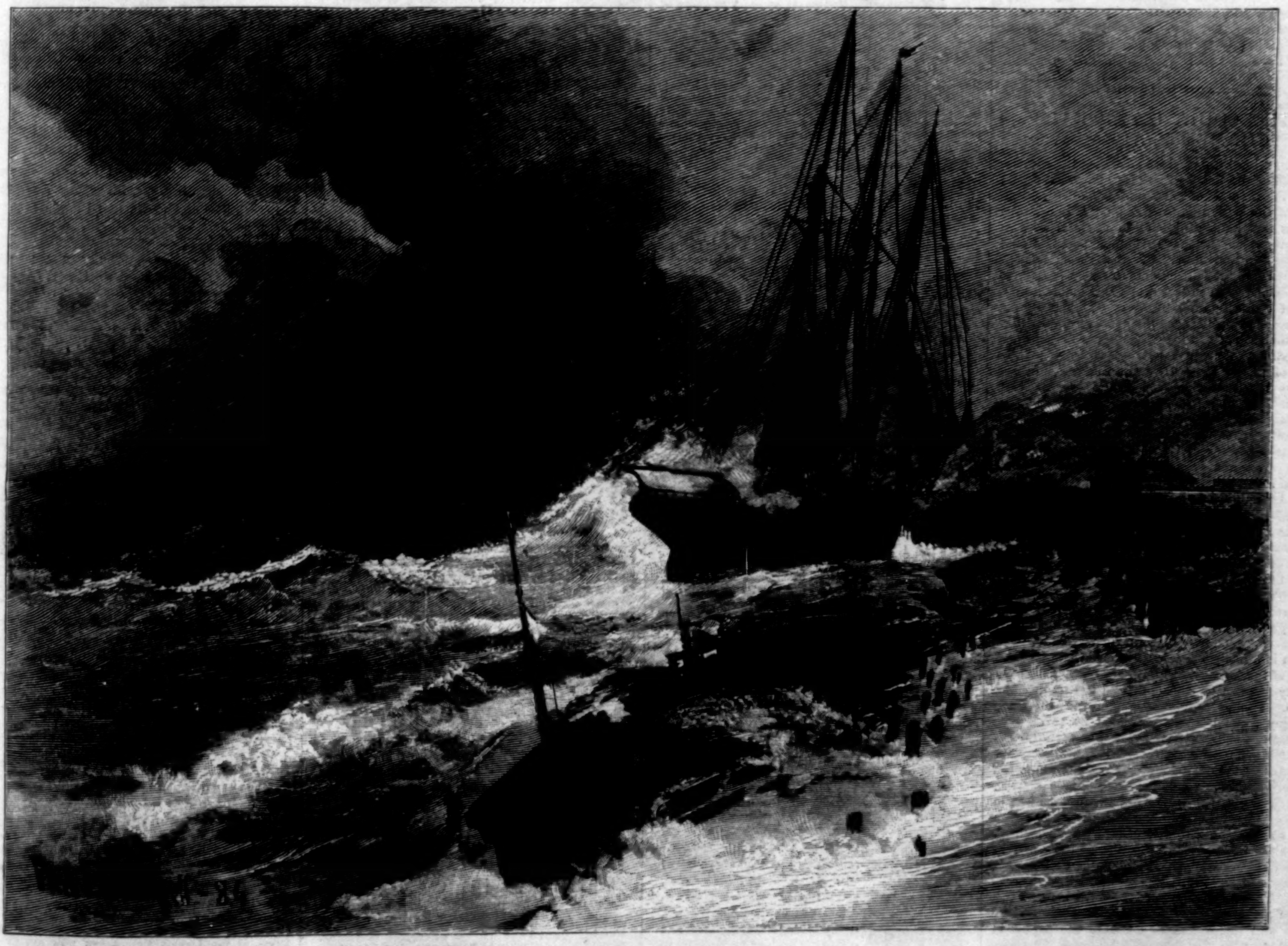
THE GREAT STORM.

THE storm which raged along the Atlantic coast on the 9th and 10th of this month, and which worked so great damage at Coney Island, Rockaway, Long Branch, and other sea-side resorts, proved quite as destructive at Atlantic City. The highest tide that had been known to the inhabitants in many years swept bathing-houses and pavilions from their foundations, and made complete wreck of most of the buildings along the coast. Through nearly the whole night of the 9th the rain fell in torrents, which, with the unprecedented roar of the breakers heard continuously above the din of the storm, made the devastation all the more hideous. Toward morning, as the tide rose higher, many families, before unconscious of their danger, were awakened by the rush of water under their buildings, and were compelled to seek refuge in sudden flight.

Early the same morning a large three-masted schooner, the *Robert Morgan*, of Salem, Massachusetts, was cast high and dry on the beach. The ocean pier, with its large outer pavilion, succumbed to the force of the waves, railway tracks were washed away, and several large structures were so completely destroyed that even the foundations had disappeared in the general wreck. Altogether, this was the most violent and destructive storm that has visited the Atlantic coast for many years.

THROUGH BURNING OIL.

AN oil tank on a hill-side near a railway, not far from the village of Bradford, Pennsylvania, began leaking one day last week, and the inflammable stream flooded the track for a distance of about one hundred yards. Early in the forenoon of the 15th inst. a railway train, consisting of an engine, baggage car, and one passenger coach, dashed into this river of oil. The engineer perceived the danger too late. The brakes would not hold. In an instant, the vapor of the oil, coming in contact with the engine fire-box, burst into flames, which enveloped the whole train. It was on a steep down-grade, and the train dashed on with terrible rapidity. The



A WRECK AT ATLANTIC CITY.

THE RECENT STORM ON THE NEW JERSEY COAST.—DRAWN BY F. B. SCHELL.

engineer, PATRICK SEXTON, stood to his post with heroic firmness, in the face of almost certain death. Panic-stricken, the passengers sought escape through the doors and windows of the car. A few succeeded, but others became jammed in the passageway, and were unable to extricate themselves.

Half a mile beyond the fatal spot the train jumped the track, and was soon consumed. Three of the passengers were burned to death, and others were severely injured. The engineer was terribly burned in his hands and face.

FANCY-LAND.

I HAVE mighty castles reared in Fancy-land;
I have barges kings have steered in Fancy-land;
I have spans of roans and bays,
Meadows green on which they graze,
Where the south wind joyous plays, in Fancy-land.

I have wealth that can not fly, in Fancy-land;
I have friends that can not die, in Fancy-land;
I have gems of every hue,
Love the truest of the true,
Cures that all my pains subdue, in Fancy-land.

You would buy my right of way in Fancy-land?
You would have me forth to stray from Fancy-land?
You would take my castles fine,
All my roans and bays and kine,
Claim possessions that are mine, in Fancy-land?

Why, I can't transfer the deed, in Fancy-land;
Can not barter kine or steed, in Fancy-land;
For we do not traffic there,
Do not buy or sell or care—
Oh, how glorious and fair is Fancy-land!

I can reach it without fail, this Fancy-land;
I have no high peaks to scale, to Fancy-land;
I can close my eyes and see
Grimy walls dissolving flee,
And I view in ecstasy, my Fancy-land.

Strange how cobwebs change to lace in Fancy-land;
Graceless rafters have a grace in Fancy-land;
Tattered curtains, stained and old,
Brightest crimson hues unfold,
Under cornices of gold, in Fancy-land.

How this attic ceiling seems, in Fancy-land,
To have caught a thousand dreams, in Fancy-land;
To have garlanded and bound
Sprites of love, of mirth and sound,
To a mystic no-hued ground in Fancy-land!

Then my sorrows change to joys in Fancy-land,
And my stumbling-blocks to toys in Fancy-land;
For no dark-browed, cruel Fate
Ever enters at the gate
Of my well-loved grand estate in Fancy-land.

Oh, I would not sell my claim in Fancy-land;
I have joy and wealth and fame in Fancy-land.
Everything that man has sought,
Or of kingly treasures bought,
I can have and more for naught in Fancy-land.

ESTELLE.

THE COURT OF APPEALS CHAMBERS, ALBANY.

WHEN Lord COLERIDGE was shown through the Capitol of the Empire State he was so impressed with the richness of the materials and the grandeur of the design as to exclaim, "If our public offices and halls of justice in England were as sumptuous as these, the common people would rise up in a revolution." That the woolsack has no such elegant surroundings as now pertain to the highest court in New York is not only a matter of congratulation to Americans, but also a source of pride, because the average citizen may find therein such forms of beauty, carved in wood and stone, as he may not see elsewhere. The hall of justice thus becomes an educator in one of the highest departments of art.

After occupying quarters in the old Capitol—so recently removed—for many years, the Court of Appeals transferred itself last September to the Senate-chamber; and now it commences the first term of the new year in the rooms especially prepared for it, on the same floor with the Senate and the Assembly, but in that retired corner of the building known as the southeast pavilion. The rooms originally reserved for the court were on the floor below, and at the middle of the northern side of the building. The light was wretched, and the room was directly under the Assembly Chamber, with its threatening ceiling. The court declared that it would not occupy that part of the building; and by its decision it has gained a far more spacious and elegant home. The court-room is directly over the Executive Chamber, and it is of the same size: fifty-three feet on the east, thirty-five feet on the south, and twenty-five feet high. The eastern side is pierced with three windows, and the southern side by two. The arches of the five windows rest upon carved trusses and upon columns recessed into the angles formed by the jambs and the outer belting, the material for the whole being Knoxville marble. The arches terminate in ornamental trusses, in line with which, and in line with the carved capitals as well, is a string of carved wood which divides the two sections of quartered red oak that fill all the walls from the floor to the hammer-beams and the deeply recessed panels of the ceiling. The upper section of the walls is filled with large plain panels—the plan being to gild the rails and styles, and to decorate the panels in harmony with the other finishings of the room. The lower section of the walls, below the line of the arches, stands upon a moulded base. The space is filled in with double raised panels, and it is subdivided longitudinally by carved string courses containing sections of vertical fluted work that can be removed at pleasure, leaving spaces for portraits.

The material which both finishes and furnishes the interior is red oak. The heavy string cornice, which is richly carved, develops into an arch at the centre of the western side of the room. This allows a space twelve feet long and seven feet high for a recessed fire-place, with a generous outlet for the smoke. The lining of the fire-place, the elaborately carved lintel extending across the whole recess, the massive benches at the sides, are all wrought in Siena marble of the purest kind. Over the bronzed lining of the actual fire-way is spread a cluster of specimens of the Mexican onyx, which form a panel unexcelled for richness and beauty in the entire building. Upon the mantel over the arch a large central panel contains the arms of New York, flanked on either side by carved panels of elaborate floral designs, and sustained by a moulding of richly wrought acanthus leaves.

The desk which the judges are to occupy preserves the same semicircular form that the court has used so long, the concave side being toward the members of the bar, who are to use the elaborately carved oaken tables on the main floor. The desk is of black-oak panels carved in various designs—no two being alike—separated by ornamental balusters, and the whole resting on a moulded base. There are eight of these panels on each side of the central panel which contains the arms of New York. Across the room from the desk it is proposed to place on a pedestal the bronze statue of Chancellor LIVINGSTON, which two Legislatures have already bought, and which two Governors have refused. The statue is now in the corridor on the Assembly side of the building, having been placed there by invitation of the Capitol Commissioners several years ago. It is Mr. E. D. PALMER's exact duplicate of his statue that the State furnished to the gallery of leading Americans in the old Representative Chamber in Washington, the other statue being that of GEORGE CLINTON. LIVINGSTON was the Chancellor of the court that developed the Court of Appeals, and the placing of the statue in the new chamber will be a fitting tribute to the one who administered the oath of office to WASHINGTON.

At the rear of the Judges' desk access is had to the retiring-room, and next beyond this, at the north, are two rooms, twenty-seven feet by thirty feet, and thirty-four feet by forty-one feet, which contain the library of the court. Across the corridor a room has been prepared for the lawyers who are in attendance. An iron staircase leads to the rooms of the clerk. The Court of Appeals is constituted as follows: Chief Judge, WILLIAM C. RUGER; Associate Judges, CHARLES A. RAPALLO, CHARLES ANDREWS, THEODORE MILLER, ROBERT EARL, GEORGE F. DANFORTH, and FRANCIS M. FINCH.

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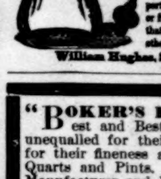

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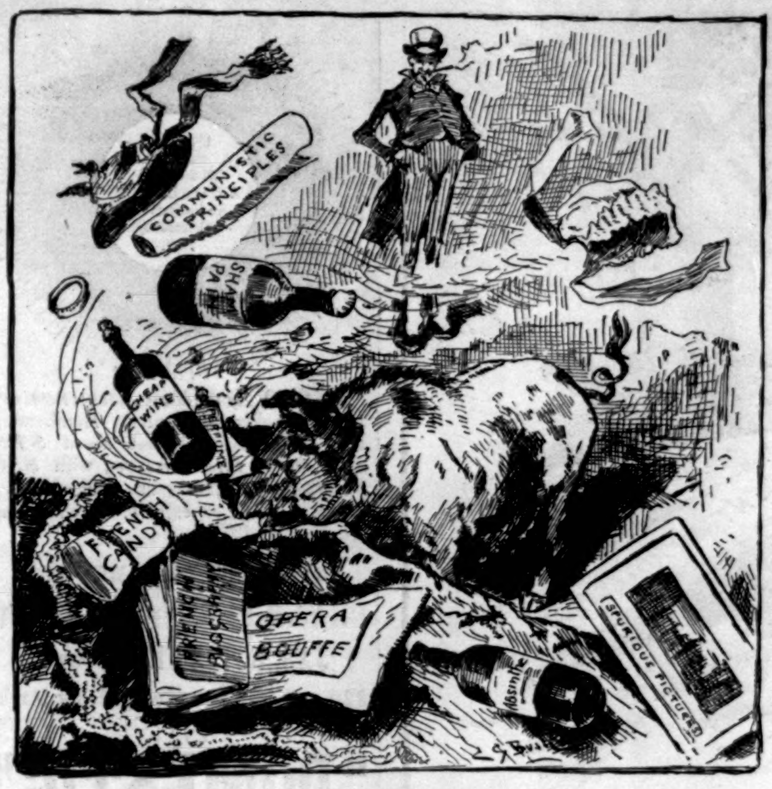

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